THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A.O.H. GOSSIP.

Arrangements for the Annual Picnic of the Order Progressing Satisfactorily—New Divisions Organized on the West Side.

Matters of Interest Among the Brethren Outside the State of Illinois—Subjects Worthy of Serious Attention.

The picnic committee met on Thursday, the 18th inst., and almost completed arrangements. A very elaborate list of games was drawn up, and the privilege of getting up a souvenir programme was given to Brother Fitzgerald, of Div. 25. Bids for bar and other ground privileges will be received at 81 Clark street until 8 o'clock, Monday, July 6. All that remains now is to have a full attendance of the officers at the next County Board meeting, and the disposal of the tickets. With a fine day the event promises to be an unqualified success.

In another column will be found resolutions of condolence from Div. 1 and 2, tendered to Brothers J. J. Conroy and Patrick J. Spallon. I am confident the sympathy of the Order in Cook county goes with the expression of the brothers. They have earned our esteem and won our affection by their earnest, unpretending work in behalf of the A. O. H. while members of their respective divisions.

Division 31 was added to our roster on Monday, the 22d inst., and consists of residents of St. Malachi's parish. The worthy pastor, Rev. Father Hodnett, gave much encouragement to the gentlemen who were doing the missionary work in behalf of the Order, and County President Henely was much gratified at the number which greeted him when he entered the school hall where the new division was organized. After explanation of the aims, objects and principles of the A. O. H., Brother Henely administered the obligation and called for the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, T. C. Desmond; Vice-President, James O'Neill; Recording Secretary, Lee O. Fitzpatrick; Financial Secretary, Art Maguire; Treasurer, Peter Kennedy; Sergt.-at-Arms, R. Burns; Doorkeeper, T. Murphy; Marshal, Peter Hughes. It was decided to meet on the first Monday and third Friday of each month. Addresses were delivered on the good of the Order by County Treasurer Lynch, County Secretary Lamb, President William Sullivan, of Div. 7, Secretary Kirby, of Div. 11 and other visitors. The division is a most promising one, and its officers are of the very best material. Brother Desmond is well fitted for the office of president, and cannot fail to do honor to the position as well as being an acquisition to the County Board.

The A. O. H. on the West Side have made a distinct advance in the recent organization of two divisions, and I would remind our friends that the field has room for ten more. It is comforting to know that in every new division can be noted staunch material, capable of filling any office in the gift of our Order. We can be satisfied that the future of the Order in Illinois is assured. The thanks of Cook county are due to Brothers J. J. Lamb, Hugh Bradshaw and Thomas Bradshaw for the zeal and energy displayed in bringing No. 31 into the fold.

Division 12 had quite a meeting on Wednesday, the 17th inst. Over one hundred members were present, and among the candidates initiated were Rev. Father Ryan, of St. Cecelia's parish, and John F. Finerty. Under the head of "Good of the Order," several interesting addresses entertained the members. No. 12 has grown so rapidly as to excite the admiration of all its friends. The membership is of the choicest, and its power and influence on the community cannot fail to bring good results while under the guidance of its very capable officers.

Division 3 intends to entertain visitors at a "smoks talk" on July 3 in Webb's hall, Forty-fourth street and Wentworth avenue. It will be remembered that Brother Cummings is president of Div. 3, and a good time may be expected by all who desire to partake of the hospitality of any society of which he is an officer.

The Galesburg division donated $25 towards the relief fund for the East St. Louis cyclone sufferers. A very neat amount for one division from Knox county.

The State convention of Minnesota resolved to dispense with the use of intoxicating beverages at any of the picnics or entertainments given under the auspices of the Order. Our Minnesota brothers were in the front rank with the Ladies' Auxiliary work, and now press the organization of cadet divisions for youths of Irish birth and descent, with a view towards training the minds of the coming generation in the paths of Hibernianism. It is recommended that the ages be limited between 12 and 18 years. Quite a new idea, and one worthy of attention.

Michigan held its convention at Escanaba and was remarkable for a clause in its resolutions recommending Hon. Edward Blake as a fit and proper leader of the Irish parliamentary party. Careful perusal of the report fails to reveal their objections to Hon. John Dillon. Can it be that the gentle zephyrs wafted from adjacent Canadian shores influence our worthy brothers of the wolverine state?

A tax of 25c. per capita on the state membership was levied, to be used toward defraying expenses of the National convention at Detroit.

I thing the most remarkable instance of christian fraternity it was my good fortune to hear of occurred in Plymouth, Penn., last month. One of the brothers of Div. 1 received a very serious injury which tore the flesh literally from his left side, and notwithstanding the care of the physicians, the wound would not heal. As a last resort the doctors recommended skin-grafting, and asked for volunteers who would permit their skin to be removed from their living bodies to be transferred to that of their ailing friend. Every member of the division volunteered, and 1,560 pieces of healthy skin were placed on the raw, painful wound with complete success, and since the operation the brother is rapidly convalescing, and may be expected to recover at an early date. This is, I think, as noble an instance of friendship and charity as ever adorned the annals of any society.

In Hon. Maurice F. Wilhore's address to the National convention in Omaha occurs the following: "I am obliged, by a sense of duty to the brotherhood, to again renew and urge the suggestion upon the attention of this convention of the great good that can be done for our Order by having a properly written and compiled history of it published. No work is of more importance, and nothing I could suggest, nor you engage in, would bring us, in my judgment, such splendid results as would the publication of an authentic, well written and popular history of our Order from its foundation in Ireland to the present time."

I think this is a proper time to quote the above text from that splendid address of Brother Wilbere's, and deem the matter worthy of close attention. It has been called for often enough, but while all other societies, which a life of a score of years have shown us example, we are still wanting in the discharge of this very important duty. It should be brought before the National convention by some one, and the task entrusted to some capable and earnest Hibernian whose knowledge of the publishing business could make a success of the undertaking. EH.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

The gathering of the representatives of the United Irish Societies this year exceeded any previous convention. No less than 526 presented their credentials when the meeting was called to order in Fitzgerald's hall, Halsted and Adams streets, on Sunday, the 21st inst., at 3 o'clock, by John J. Mahony. Mr. T. H. Clifford read the call for the convention, and the chair appointed a committee on credentials, which reported 526 delegates entitled to seats.

President Mahony submitted a very exhaustive report, giving in detail the standing of the organization and the work accomplished by the Employment Bureau. He also referred to the necessity of some steps being taken to bring the bureau furtner into the sphere of usefulness and assisting newly-arrived emigrants. The report on those matters, in part, was read as follows:

Immediately after the annual picnic on Aug. 15, 1895, your president called a meeting of the board of directors and they at once proceeded to establish an employment bureau, and after due deliberation a set of rules was adopted and committees on headquarters, finance and labor were appointed. The said committees went about the duties assigned to them in earnest and with a determination to make a success of this new enterprise, and as president, I am pleased to say that so faithfully did they perform their duties, that on Nov. 1, 1895, all arrangements were completed and we were ready for business. We opened the headquarters and employment bureau at 81 South Clark street. Said office is open daily and all our people are welcome to share in its benefits.

As president, and on behalf of the board of directors, I wish to report that after seven months of trial, and during a period of extreme business depression the work done is such that we are satisfied the bureau is destined to accomplish great good for our people, and we believe that the United Irish Societies could be engaged in no better work than that of elevating the condition of the Irish race by keeping our people always employed, a condition which leads to prosperity, sobriety and success. From Nov. 4, 1895, to June 1, 1896, applications made to the bureau numbered 633, and of this number 328 received employment through the bureau. For a detailed statement we refer you to the agent's report, and regarding the financial condition of the society, the report of your treasurer gives a correct and true statement. You will see that the funds of the society were managed and used with the greatest economy.

While the exact data on the number of our people who have arrived in our city during the last year are not available (but according to such information as we could gather the number reached about 20,000), we, your board of directors, believe from information at hand that many of those need aid not only to secure employment, but also to procure information concerning the whereabouts of their friends in this city. We would recommend that the bureau put itself in communication with all the lines of transportation entering our city, and thereby give a helping hand to those of our race who are just entering into a strange land, and thus demonstrate that the United Irish Societies of Chicago is a friend to the Irish emigrant and wishes him a Cead Mille Failthe.

With limited means but few things can be accomplished, but with what we have had at our disposal we have done all that was possible to do, and we fully appreciate the honor conferred on us by placing in our hands the duty of this great, and to our race, a new enterprise. I would most respectfully recommend to this convention that it appropriate the sum of $2,000 for the purpose of carrying on the bureau during the next year.

I would further recommend that the directors be instructed to enter into negotiations with the parties now holding title to the property known as the A. O. H. armory, with a view to the purchase of said land, and the erection of such building or buildings as may be necessary for the use and benefit of the United Irish Societies of Chicago.

After the reading of the report of the president the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

President—John J. Mahony.
Vice-President—John E. Long.
Recording Secretary—F. J. Conroy.
Corresponding Secretary—A. Donoghue.
Treasurer—John Roche.
Trustees—Daniel O'Connor, James C. Strain, J. J. Gubbins.

Resolutions were adopted expressing sympathy with the families of the late Francis Agnew and Mrs. Daniel Curley. The resolutions also reiterated disbelief of the societies in parliamentary agitation, and pledged support to the amnesty demonstration to be held on July 25 in Battery D. Addresses were delivered on the injustice of English treatment of political prisoners by Messrs. William Dillon and W. H. Joyce. The harmony, good feeling and enthusiasm which prevailed promises well for the success of the picnic on Aug. 15 next. On every side were heard expressions of approval for the practical methods and genuine interest in the elevation of their race shown by the delegates and officers of the various societies. The committee of arrangements for the picnic will meet when called by the president.

A DAY IN IRELAND.

Four sharp scythes sweeping—in concert keeping
The rich-robed meadows's broad bosom o'er,
Four strong men mowing, with bright health glowing—
A long green swath spread each man before;
With sinews springing—my keen blade swinging—
I strode—the fourth man in that blithe band,
As stalk of corn that summer morn,
The scythe felt light in my stalwart hand.

O! King of Glory!—How changed my story,
Since, in youth's noontide—long, long ago,
I mowed that meadow—no cloudy shadow
Between my brow and the hot sun's glow;
Fair girls raking the hay, and making
The fields resound with their laughter free,
Their voices ringing—than cockoo's singing,
Made music sweeter by far to me.

Bees hovered over the houied clover,
Then westward hied upon wings of light,
No use in trying to trace them flying—
One brief low hum and they're out of sight.
On downy thistle bright insects nestle,
Or flutter skyward on painted wings,
At times alighting on flowers inviting—
'Twas pleasant watching the airy things.

From hazel bushes came songs of thrushes
And blackbirds—sweeter than harper's lay,
While high in ether—with sun-tipped feather—
The skylark warbled his anthem gay.
With throats distended, sweet linnets blended
A thousand notes in one glorious chime,
Oh, King Eternal, 'twas life supernal
In beauteous Erin, that pleasant time.
—*Ex.*

Impoverished Blood causes that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, giving new life and increased vigor and vitality.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, biliousness, headache.

Ice Cream Now Made In a Minute.

I have an ice cream freezer that will freeze cream perfectly in one minute: as it it such a wonder a crowd will always be around so any one can make from $5 to $6 a day selling cream, and from $10 to $20 a day selling freezers, as people will always buy an article when it is demonstrated that they can make money by so doing. The cream is frozen instantly, and is smooth and free from lumps. I have done so well myself and have friends succeeding so well that I felt it my duty to let others know of this opportunity, as I feel confident that any person in any locality can make money, as any person can sell cream and the freezer sells itself. W. H. Baird & Co., 140 S. Highland avenue, Station A, Pittsburg, Pa., will mail you complete instructions and will employ you on salary, if you can give them your whole time.

A BOLD "REBEL."

Trial of Capt. Charles Underwood O'Connell in Cork Court House Before Keogh, the "New Norbury" of Irish (?) Courts of "Law."

Although An Officer and American Citizen, the Prisoner Was Tried Under the Old System, "Once a Subject, Always a Subject"—His Manly and Eloquent Speech.

The tribune's tongue, the poet's pen,
May sow the seed in prostrate men,
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
Can reap the crop so bravely sown.—*Davis.*

"Put forward Charles Underwood O'Connell."

There was the usual sliding of bolts and the opening of doors, and there stepped into the dock a lithe, active man, of soldierly carriage, whose brown flashing eyes had often lit up with eagerness and hope as they glanced down marshalled lines of Irishmen in a foreign land, and which now, as he stood face to face with his doom, swept fearlessly round the Cork courthouse, black with its throng of policemen, resting here and there on a friendly face in a look of recognition, and only half concealing his feelings of defiance and contempt, as they sought the judgment seat where Judge Keogh presided in omnipotence. His features were clearly cut, and were stamped with decision. His nose and chin were rather prominent, his hair yet black, and his bronzed cheek and martial bearing as he listened to the solicitor-general opening the indictment told of the camp life and the bivouac. The prisoner was no stranger in Cork. Years before, when Stephens traveled through the country, weighing the chances of, and reckoning up the forces for another National movement, he was introduced to young O'Connell, and was struck with his resoluteness and activity. He explained his revolutionary schemes, and found a ready listener in the prisoner who now stood at the Bar. The result was that before the Fenian movement had obtained a firm foothold throughout the land, it could number its adherents by thousands in the Southern capital. As early as 1858 O'Connell was in harness, and such was his organizing capacity and devotedness, that in a few years he had over 7,000 men under his control. He had charge of the Brotherhood in Cork city, Queenstown, Monkstown, Passage, Upper and Lower Glanmire and Blarney, and was one of the most trusted advisers and agents of the leaders of the movement.

He was descended, too, from a good stock. His family, which was nearly related to the Derrynane O'Connells, came from Kilmallock, in the neighborhood of which it had given its name to two important baronies. It could trace its record back for eleven hundred years, and in many a midnight hosting and dashing raid the swords of the O'Connells swept bare the countryside of the land's enemies. Never through all the long years of misrule and persecution had they wavered in their allegiance to Ireland, and the whole soul of their warlike race seemed concentrated in the fearless young American captain, who now stood in the dock to undergo the mockery of a trial.

When Cork and its neighborhood had been fully organized, the question of military instruction arose. As O'Connell was leader in the district, his men looked to him for the necessary knowledge, and he at once set about training "his soul to lead a line." There could be no better training ground than in America, in whose valleys and along whose rivers the thunder of war now rolled. To America he therefore went, and becoming a citizen of the great Republic—a proceeding upon which Judge Keogh strongly animadverted in passing sentence—was mainly instrumental in raising company K of the 99th regiment N. Y. volunteers, which was under the command of Col. John O'Mahony. The young Irish revolutionist soon obtained his commission as captain, and it is notewor.hy that his regiment contained many men who afterward became well known in connection with Irish movements.

The word went forth among the Fenian circles in America that the year 1865 was to be the year of action. Towards the end of the year every American vessel that called at Queenstown brought back to Ireland men skilled in the use of arms, who were anxious to transfer the theatre of war from the new world to the old. Amongst the men who so returned was Captain O'Connell. He was then unknown to the police, who now, fully alive to the danger of the situation subjected each ship to a rigorous search. The attention of the detectives was directed to him at Queenstown, and on being searched some important Fenian documents, which Stephens had entrusted to his care, were found on him. He was arrested on board the tender and hurried away to Cork jail. In passing through the streets of the city the police, for the first time, were made aware of the importance of their capture. Everywhere the prisoner was received with cheers from the bystanders, and many a friendly nod of recognition passed between him and the men of the Rebel City as he marched between the bayonets of the policemen through the town.

After a short detention in Cork prison he was transferred to Richmond jail in Dublin, it being the intention of the authorities to have him tried with Luby, O'Leary, Rossa and Stephens. While awaiting his trial his active mind was still busy in the cause of Ireland's liberty, and he was the first to think of the possibility of rescuing the famous C. O. I. R. from the clutches of the crown. One day he was taken ill, and in the absence of the prison doctor was waited upon by John Breslin, the hospital warder. In the course of a conversation he found the warder to be an earnest, intelligent man, and, for all his office, full of patriotism. When the prisoner had explained the nature of his offensee, and the causes which led to it, Breslin's sympathetic Irish feelings were fully aroused, and he expressed himself ready to help on the organization in any way in his power. "Very well," said the American officer, "get Stephens out, and you will earn the love and gratitude of the Irish race." Breslin, who himself tells the story, says that he at once caught up the idea, and placed himself in communication with some of the prominent members of the Brotherhood in Dublin, with the well-known result that in a few days the news of the escape of the famous head centre was the topic of conversation on every tongue.

There was some legal difficulties in the way of O'Connell's trial in Dublin and he was sent back to Cork. On entering the exercise yard the morning after his arrival he received a military salute from a young prisoner, with the remark, "I'm sorry to see you here, captain." O'Connell, to whom his features were familiar, asked him who he was, and was told that he was a former private in his company, that he came over to take his part in the fighting, and was awaiting his trial under the name of William Francis Mackay. In Cork jail, too, O'Connell made the acquaintance of Capt. M'Cafferty for the first time.

The evidence at the trial was very direct. The police proved the discovery of the incriminating documents, and Pierce Nagle swore that he saw the prisoner presiding at Fenian meetings held at John O'Mahony's house in New York. When the verdict was brought in, the prisoner, whose attitude all through had been one of defiance, spoke in a loud firm voice, and in answer to the usual question, said:—

The Prisoner—I have; and in making the few remarks I am about to make I hope I won't be guilty of any disrespect to this honorable court. It is the boast of Great Britain that in the eye of the English law any man, be his crime of ever so deep a dye, is supposed to be innocent until he is tried and found guilty by a jury of his fellow-countrymen. I have to complain that I have not alone been tried and found guilty, but punished before I was ever brought into this court. When I left the United States, to whom I have sworn allegiance, and of which I am a commissioned officer, I came here on my perfectly legitimate business. Before landing I was seized by policemen, dragged off to the police barrack, and there surrounded by policemen, who danced around me like dogs around a wild beast. I was stripped of my clothes, naked—as I stand before my God, I declare—naked as I came into the world. Sub-inspector Graves then gave the order that I was to be thrust into a loathsome filthy dungeon, reeking with filth and the vomit of a drunken English soldier, who was dragged out that I might be thrust therein. I have now to speak as to the oral testimony brought forward against me. With regard to the testimony of the policeman, Gage, I solemnly declare that there is not a particle of truth in it; not one single word of truth. I should know this country well enough—at least I profess to be pretty well acquainted with it—to know that the constabulary is composed altogether of Irishmen; and it would be silly for me to ask him was he an Irishman. Such a conversation as he has sworn to as having taken place never did take place, so help me God. There is a letter there which I heard read as having been written by me from St. Louis. I was not the writer, and I never was in St. Louis in my life. Another statement made was about that parcel. It was never given to me by Col. O'Mahony, or by any one connected with his office; it was handed to me by a gentleman on Broadway, with a request to hand it to a friend in Ireland. Now to this honorable court I have to declare that I do not believe that there is any parallel in the world for the barbarities practiced upon political prisoners in this country——

Mr. Justice Keogh—I cannot hear that. I will hear anything you have to say on the matter before the court, but nothing else. Your own good sense ought to tell you that.

The Prisoner—I have to complain that every little thing I had in the world was seized by the police—even my private family letters, books and every thing else: letters from my poor exiled father and sisters, too, and which had nothing to do with the case, and contained nothing that I need be ashamed of. They bitterly bewail their exile, but they do not murmur against God or man. These were seized also. But I have more than that to complain of—I have to complain——

Mr. Justice Keogh—You must remember that we do not sit here to hear complaints. We have a duty to perform, and you are only asked to say why judgment should not be passed upon you.

The Prisoner—If the honorable court will allow me I will be as concise as possible.

Mr. Justice Keogh—We cannot allow you to go into extraneous matters.

The Prisoner—I set out by saying that I believed I was tried and found guilty before ever I was brought into court, and I will undertake to prove that.

Mr. Justice Keogh—Really I cannot allow——

The Prisoner—I am now alluding to that miserable little scorpion——

Mr. Justice Keogh—Stop, sir; this will not be permitted.

The Prisoner—I am alluding to the attorney-general—no, I do not mean the attorney-general; I mean the crown solicitor—at all events, Mr. Sullivan.

Mr. Justice Keogh—I cannot hear another word from you.

The Prisoner—He has assailed me, as he did a near and dear relative of mine——

Mr. Justice Keogh—You must not continue.

The Prisoner—And conspired to ruin him in his professional prosperity——

Mr. Justice Keogh—I cannot allow you to go on. It will not place your case in a better light.

The Prisoner—Any thing I say, I say fearlessly.

Mr. Justice Keogh—I have but one duty to discharge here, and we can hear nothing else.

The Prisoner—The sentiments and hopes that animate me are well known.

Mr. Justice Keogh—Really we will not hear these observations.

The Prisoner—I have not yet done, my lord.

Mr. Justice Keogh—If you have anything to urge against the sentence of the court we will gladly hear you, but we cannot listen to attacks upon individuals or attacks upon the State. You cannot serve your purpose by such a course.

The Prisoner—I return my heartfelt thanks to the devoted counsel who have conducted my defense on this occasion. It has been brought forward here that I held a commission in the Ninety-ninth regiment—in Col. O'Mahony's regiment. Proud as I am of having held a commission in the United States service, I am equally proud of holding command under a man ——

Mr. Justice Keogh—We will not permit this.

Their lordships then retired to consider upon the sentence. On their return, Mr. Justice Keogh said, Charles Underwood O'Connell, you have, after a most grave and deliberate examination, been found guilty of the most serious crime, with one exception, known to the law. Had you a few years since been found guilty of the same crime your life would have been forfeited. Nay more, at this moment, but for the leniency of the crown which tried you under a peculiar statute, you would have forfeited your life for the crime of which you have been convicted. You have had the advantage of being defended by—I will say unhesitatingly—the very ablest man of the Irish bar who could have been selected for such a purpose. In this case, as in all other cases, he has spared neither labor, exertion, nor energy to vindicate the cause of his clients. And I must also say, in justice to those who appear for the crown, that the prosecution in this case has been conducted in a manner perfectly unexampled in any political prosecution in which either in my reading or in the course of my professional experience I have ever known. They relinquish a mass of evidence which they would have been entitled to produce, and which would have been well calculated to aggravate your guilt. They at once, on their own election—no doubt at the suggestion of your own counsel—swept from the face of this indictment all the matters connected with the Irish People, and thus withdrew those matters from the notice of the jury. Your case has been heard unprejudiced in the slightest degree by anything that appeared in that paper. You have been found guilty by a jury composed, I believe, of men of the highest respectability and greatest impartiality, a jury—I must say in justice to them—chosen with the greatest fairness, and not confined to any particular class ——

The Prisoner—I am sorry I cannot agree with you, my lord.

Mr. Justice Keogh—My learned brother and myself have considered every point of this case from first to last, most anxiously desirous to discover something in your case which would enable us to present it in a favorable light to the jury, and thus to assist you to leave that dock a free man. I must say that it is impossible to do so, and that no jury of rational men, taken from what class I care not, could have come to any other conclusion save that to which the present jury have come. You have had the opportunity granted to you by the law of saying before judgment was passed on you anything that you may wish to say. You have made use of that time not to put forward any circumstance ——

The Prisoner—I did not get time.

Mr. Justice Keogh—You did get time. You got plenty of time, and I shall not allow it to be thought that you did not. You availed yourself of that time to slander individuals. We interruted you, and you then proceeded to slander the institutions of your country. These institutions are too highly valued to have us allow them to be so assailed in a court of justice. We heard you make these observations, but I must say to you that had you spoken a thousand times more improperly than you have done, it should not be allowed to affect your sentence by one single hour. We have considered your case, and, however we may regret that you did not demean yourself at the bar in a manner becoming your position, your not having done so has not had the effect of increasing your sentence by one single moment of time. You, it appears, went to America, you entered yourself in the American army, thus violating to a certain extent your allegiance as a British subject; but that is not the offense you are charged with here today. You say you swore allegiance to the American republic, but no man by doing so can relieve himself from his allegiance to the British crown. From the moment a man is born in this country he owes allegiance; he is a subject ——

The Prisoner—If that is so, why am I charged with bringing over foreigners? John O'Mahony is no foreigner.

Mr. Justice Keogh—You took service in the American army, in the regiment of which John O'Mahony is colonel, and, in making a distinction in your case, we are willing to believe that a deal of your subsequent proceedings must have been owing to the influence which he may have exercised over you. Looking at all the circumstances of your case, this is one of the facts which induce us to take a mitigated view of your case. Your case is of such a nature that we must inflict on you a punishment which, while it will not probably confine you for the whole period of your life, must, nevertheless, for the example of others, be a long and severe one. The sentence of the court is, that you be kept in penal servitude for ten years.

The Prisoner—I hope there will be an exchange of prisoners before that time.

The prisoner was then removed.—Irish Weekly Independent.

OHIO GETS THERE.

The Inevitable Happens at the St. Louis Convention.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE CONVENTION.

The Promised Bolt of Silver Men Led by Teller Takes Place, the Convention Giving the Deserters a Rousing Send-Off and Singing the "Red, White and Blue" While They March Down the Aisle—Hobart, of New Jersey, Gets the Second Place on the Ticket.

ST. LOUIS, June 17.—At 12:20 p. m. yesterday the gavel fell in the Republican wigwam and the first of the great national convention was on. The usual bustle and commotion followed as the delegates and audience settled into their seats and Chairman Thomas H. Carter, of the national committee, declared the Republican presidential convention of 1896 open for the business before it. When all were seated Carter called on the chaplain to perform his duty and Rev. Rabbi Sale

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT.

came forward and delivered a prayer asking divine guidance for the deliberations of the convention. At the close of the prayer the secretary, Joseph H. Manley, of the national committee, read the call for the convention, after which Chairman Carter said that by direction of the committee he presented, subject to the convention's approval, for temporary chairman Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana. [Applause.] The convention approved unanimously.

Business Was Rushed Through.

The rules of the last national convention were adopted pending the report of the rules committee, the roll of states was called and the names of the delegates chosen to serve on the several convention committees were announced, and a resolution adopted that all platform resolutions be referred to the resolutions committee without debate. After the committees had been named a few resolutions were sent up to the clerk and Clayton desired that one he sent up be read. He failed to secure its reading and all the resolutions were sent to the committee. On motion the convention at 1:55 p. m. adjourned to today at 10 a. m.

SECOND DAY'S SESSION.

First Vote Taken Showing the Sentiment of the Convention.

ST. LOUIS, June 18.—With a full house below, where the delegates and alternates sit, and but few vacant spaces in the galleries, the national Republican convention began it second day's proceedings at 10:40 a. m. Dr. William O. Williams, pastor of the Union Methodist church of St. Louis, invoked the divine blessing. At the close of the prayer Lodge announced that the platform report would not be ready until afternoon. The credentials committee also was not ready to report, but the organization and rules committees were. It was decided to hear and adopt the organization committee's report.

There was a short debate on the question of receiving the report, but those opposed were finally silenced and the report was read. It nominated Senator Thurston for permanent president and recommended the retention of the temporary secretaries, etc., as permanent. It was adopted with a shout and Thurston was escorted to the platform.

Chairman Fairbanks briefly introduced the new chairman and he proceeded to address the convention.

On the conclusion of his address he said: "Gentlemen of the convention what is your pleasure?" The pleasure of the convention was expressed by the whole body rising, and with the waving of flags, hats and handkerchiefs, presenting to their chairman a magnificent floral shield surmounted by a crown of American beauty roses. When the broad and beautiful field of the shield confronted the house from its position at the front of the platform the galleries joined the convention in a great roar which continued until with persistent effort the permanent chairman drove it out of the hall with his gavel.

Session of the Afternoon.

The convention was then at the end of its string and adjournment was taken to 2 p. m. It was 2:35 p. m., however, before the body was called to order and prayer was offered by Bishop Arnett, the colored Methodist divine.

The credentials committee reported that the contest decisions of the national committee were affirmed. In the Delaware case the Higgins delegates were seated and in the Texas case the Grant delegates were declared the proper party representatives. There was a minority report read by Hepburn, of Iowa, the objection being to accepting the decisions of the national committee.

Fort, who had made the majority report, moved the previous question on the report, and after a short debate the motion was carried—545½ to 359½—taken by roll call.

The arguments at last concluded a vote was taken on the minority report recommending the admission of the Addicks delegation from Delaware, and it was lost. The question recurred on the admission of the Cuney delegates to Texas, and it also failed to carry. The remainder of the minority report was rejected. The question on the adoption of the majority report was then put and it was carried by a large majority. The result was received by almost universal cheering on the floor and in the gallery.

The report of the rules committee was next adopted and on motion of Grosvenor the convention adjourned to 10 a. m. today.

At a meeting of the committee on resolutions the silver men, headed by Teller, announced their intentions to bolt the convention when the gold plank was adopted.

THIRD DAY'S SESSION.

McKinley Nominated for President on the First Ballot.

ST. LOUIS, June 18.—The third day's session of the national Republican convention was called to order at 10:32 Thursday morning. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Scott, colored, of Florida. When he had concluded Foraker of Ohio went upon the stage and began to read the platform presented by the majority of the committee on resolutions. He was received with great cheering when he read the declaration against the free coinage of silver. Cheer upon cheer followed the reading of the clause. When the gold standard was mentioned delegates rose in a body and cheered. Fred Grant waved the Cuban flag during the reading of the Cuban clause. At the conclusion of the reading of the platform Foraker moved its adoption.

Teller Recognized.

One of the crucial moment of the convention was at hand. The chairman announced that he would recognize to move a substitute for the majority report the gentleman from Colorado, Mr. Teller.

When Teller had finished there were loud cries for Foraker. The chair recognized him and he moved to lay the substitute on the table. The motion was seconded by Senator Lodge. The roll call was ordered on the motion and resulted as follows: Total votes cast, 922. Yeas, 818½; nays, 103½. Foraker then moved the previous question. Dubois demanded a separate vote on the financial plank and the demand was acceded to. The previous question on the platform was then ordered. The roll call on the adoption of the financial plank resulted: Total vote cast 923. Ayes 812¼, nays 110¼. Th platform was then adopted. Teller rose to a question of personal privilege saying he wanted to file a protest of the silver men. Cannon of Utah then presented the protest which was quite a lengthy document.

The Bolting Delegates.

After the reading of the protest Mantle of Montana said his delegation was divided; some would continue to participate and others would remain silent. He said Montana reserved the right to refer this platform to the republicans of Montana. Grosvenor demanded to know if this convention should be turned into a Democratic convention. Senator Brown of Utah took the stand and said the delegation from Utah had not bolted. Three of Utah's delegation had gone and three remained, and alternatives would take the place of delegates who had gone and remain loyal to the party. The following delegates walked out: Entire delegation of Colorado and Idaho; Pettigrew from South Dakota, Hartman from Montana, Cleveland and Strother from Nevada. Chairman Thurston then selected the alternates in place of the bolters. Of those who went out of the convention from Utah were Cannon, Kerens and Allen. None of the delegates from the territories went out. The delegates around the Colorado seats broke off the Colorado standard and sent it out after them. The Idaho standard was left standing.

The convention gave the bolters a good send off, singing the "Red, White and Blue" as the deserters marched out of the hall.

Nomination of Candidates.

At 2:02 p. m. the roll call of states was ordered for placing in nomination candidates for president, and the five candidates were quickly named.

It was exactly 3:07 when Ohio was called by the secretary and Governor Bushnell arose to announce that Senator Foraker would speak for the Buckeye state. But the convention could not be restrained. With a wild roar the McKinleyites on the floor rose to their feet and kept up the demonstration for some time. When Foraker named McKinley the convention went wild. Delegates in every part of the hall stood on the seats waving red, white and blue plumes, umbrellas, flags, and handerchiefs. It was a tumultous scene and grow more intense as the moments passed.

GARRETT A. HOBART.

The applause and cheering lasted twenty-six and one-half minutes. Foraker concluded his speech after which Senator Thurston seconded the nomination of McKinley. Senator Quay was placed in nomination by Governor Hastings of Pennsylvania.

After the nominating speeches were finished the states were called for their votes on presidential candidates with the following result:

McKinley, 661½; Reed, 84; Quay, 61½; Morton, 58; Allison, 35½.

HOBART TAKES SECOND PLACE.

New Jersey Man Chosen on First Ballot and the Convention Adjourns.

The chairman then announced that the next business was the nomination of a candidate for vice president. Lodge moved that the convention proceed to that duty and it was carried. It was at that time 6:15 p. m. and the convention had been in session eight hours. The chair ordered the roll called for nominations and Franklin Fort, of New Jersey, was the first to respond. He nominated General Hobart, of New Jersey. W. M. Randolph nominated Henry Clay Evans, of Tennessee. Virginia presented the name of General James A. Walker, an ex-Confederate. Fessenden nominated William G. Bulkeley, of Connecticut. Allen, of Rhode Island, named Charles W. Lippet', of that state.

There were numerous seconding speeches heard and then the roll was called and the result announced as follows: Hobart, 533½; Evans, 280½; Bulkeley, 59; Walker, 24; Lippett, 8; Grant, 2; Depew, 3; Morton, 1; Thurston, 2. The nomination was made unanimous, and Bushnell, of Ohio, offered a resolution, which was adopted, making the permanent chairman the chairman of the committee to notify McKinley of his nomination, and the temporary chairman the chairman of the committee to notify Hobart. The notifying committees were then appointed and the convention adjourned sine die.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

Delares for Protection and for Gold as the Money Standard.

ST. LOUIS, June 18.—The platform adopted by the Republican convention declares first for a protective tariff: it is pledged to no particular schedule, that being a practical question to be settled by the conditions obtaining at the time.

The renewal and extension of the reciprocity arrangements negotiated by the Harrison adminstration is demanded. Protection for American sugar producers is advocated and ample protection is promised to wool. For rehabilitating our merchant marine the policy of discriminating duties is favored.

The money plank declares unreservedly for "sound money," which the party has always maintained, every dollar since the resumption act having been as good as gold. The party is opposed to any debasing of the currency and therefore opposed to the free coinage of silver except by international agreement, which it promises to promote. Until that can be obtained "the existing gold standard must be preserved."

Liberal pensions for soldiers is a plank. The foreign plank advocates the Monroe doctrine in its widest expansion. The Armenian massacres are denounced and protection to Americans and their property everywhere demanded. The Cuban rebels are indorsed and belligerency for them demanded, the United States also to try to secure independence of the island by diplomacy.

A strong navy is advocated, the civil service reform approved, free and fair elections demanded, lynchings execrated, a national labor arbitration board advocated, wise temperance legislation approved and the admission of women to wider spheres of usefulness favored.

CLOSING UP CONVENTION WORK.

Mark Hanna Elected Chairman of the National Committee.

ST LOUIS, June 20.—The Republican managers put in yesterday closing up their political business and one of the most important transactions was the selection of Mark Hanna by the national committee for chairman. He was authorized and empowered—after consultation with the candidates for president and vice president—to appoint an executive committee of nine who may or may not be members of the committee, and the chairman of the national shall be ex-officio chairman of the executive committee. The matter of a treasurer was left to the chairman. The committee then adjourned subject to the call of the chair. Nothing was done with relation to proposals for a change of headquarters.

The committee appointed to notify Major McKinley of his nomination has decided to proceed to Canton June 29 and perform that office. Notice was issued by H. C. Jarvis, secretary of the committee to notify Garrett A. Hobart of his nomination for vice president, to that committee that it will meet at the Fifth Avenue hotel, New York,, July 6, at 8 p. m., and will call on Garrett A. Hobart at Paterson, N. J., July 7.

SILVER MEN ISSUE AN ADDRESS.

Argument for Free Silver and Eulogy of Senator Teller.

ST. LOUIS, June 20.—The silver men have issued an address to the people commending Henry M. Teller for president of the United States on the single plank platform of free coinage of silver at once at the ratio of 16 to 1. The document begins with an argument in favor of that policy, which is called "bimetallism" all through, and winds up with the offer to all the forthcoming national conventions the one man who, in the opinion of the signers, embodies the issue completely—Henry M. Teller.

The address closes as follows: "In submitting this name to the people we remind you that just a generation ago, from the heart of the boundless west and touched by the finger of God, there arose an emancipator who was powerful in the work of human deliverance. By his wisdom and courage, providentially directed, millions were set free, and the nation kept in its holy union. If others shall see this opportunity as we see it, if our fellow-citizens shall see this duty as we see it, that sublime history may be repeated and another man—clothed in the majesty of devotion to the race—will be lifted to power where, by his wisdom and courage, providentially directed, more millions may be made free from chains as galling as those of actual slavery, and the nation may be preserved in the unity of its mission to the world."

Paterson Ratifies Hobart.

PATERSON, N. J., June 23.—This city tutned out in a body last night to do honor to Garrett A. Hobart, the Republican nominee for vice president. Never in its history has such a demonstration been held. The entire city was a mass of bunting and flags. Red fire and fireworks were burned throughout the night, and the people cheered as they never had occasion to cheer before. One of the features of the demonstration was a parade in which 10,000 men were in line.

Visitors to McKinley.

CANTON, O., June 23.—The visitors to Major McKinley yesterday were 500 citizens of Muskingum county who congratulated the major on his nemination. In his reply he referred first to the necessity of protective tariff and closed as follows: "And, my countrymen, there is another thing the people are determined upon and that is that a full day's work must be paid in a full dollar."

Frightful Boiler Explosion.

WOODVILLE, Tex., June 23.—At Doucette, three miles north of Woodville, yesterday the tram engine boiler of the Nebraska Lumber company exploded, killing seven men outright and seriously if not fatally injuring three others.

The list of the killed and wounded is as follows: A. L. Doucette, president of the Nebraska Lumber company; Grant Hammerly, engineer; Charles Walforth, section foreman; Charles Smith, section hand; Wylie Sargent, mill hand; man known about the mill as "Frenchy," but whose right name could not be ascertained; another unknown man.

The wounded: Dan A. Harman, fireman, arms terribly lacerated and pain fully scalded about face and neck; D. O. Sullivan, section hand, badly scalded; —— Dowling, scalded about face and neck.

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

ITEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

CHICAGO, June 19.—One killed and two seriously injured was the harvest of the grade crossing Thursday night. At 9 o'clock a south-bound passenger train on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad struck a grocer's delivery wagon which was being driven east in Grace street in Lake View. The killed: Albert Simpson, 15 years old 178 Clybourn avenue; both legs broken and injured internally. The injured: Charles Greve, 15 years old, scalp wound and internal injuries; Robert Simpson, 20 years old, bruised about head and body.

BOLD WORK OF ROBBERS.

Illinois Farmer Beaten and Robbed of a Large Amount.

ARTHUR, Ills., June 20.—The residence of George Kalb, a wealthy German farmer living four miles east of here, was entered about 1 o'clock Friday morning by four robbers. When they forced the door open the noise awoke Mr. Kalb, who at once began to investigate. He was met in the hallway by the burglars, one of whom knocked him down with a club, and after beating him unmercifully, securely tied him.

Next they beat and tied his wife, who came to his assistance. Then a little child came down stairs crying. They knocked her down and put a string around her neck and tied her to a bed. After securely tying the other three children they proceeded to search the house for valuables. Previous to this they had tied Mr. Kalb's hired man to a tree in the yard. He was returning home from Garrett, a small station near by, and had just come into the yard about the time the burglars were ready to make an entrance into the house.

They secured about $1,000 in notes and $205 in cash. In their hurried search they overlooked a $5,000 bundle of cash. Mr. Kalb keeps a small safe for valuable papers in case of fire, but the $5,000 was hid in another place and only the $205 were in the safe. This they made Mr. Kalb open, after releasing the cords which bound him. After they had finished their work the robbers went to the barn and hitched up one of Kalb's best teams to his spring wagon and drove east.

Farmers to Build a Canal.

PRINCETON, Ills., June 20.—Through the instrumentality of the Bureau county court an organization of farmers was formed here Friday to construct an extensive farm drainage canal The channel will have an average width of twenty-five feet and will extend along the Green river valley for a distance of twenty-five miles. It will commence at a point in the southern part of Lee county, and run southwest. By the use of this canal it is estimated that nearly 50,000 acres of swamp land, now almost worthless, will be converted into fine farming land. The court provides that the expense shall be borne by special assessment, and the cost will be over $35,000.

Verdict Against the Gas Company.

CHICAGO, June 19.—It was announced that the jury in the suit of Donohue & Henneberry against the Economic Fuel Gas company had returned a verdict for $65,636.31 in favor of the plaintiff. Donohue & Henneberry sued the defendant company for $75,000, claiming that it was responsible for an explosion which damaged their building on Dearborn street about three years ago. The gas company was putting in some pipe for a tenant of the plaintiff when an explosion took place, which shattered part of the building and injured a number of people.

Illinois Democratic Editors.

PEORIA, June 23.—The Illinois Democratic Editorial association was organized yesterday afternoon, fifty editors being present. Officers were elected as follows: President, A. L. Hereford, Springfield; vice president, B. M. Hanna, Peoria; Secretary, George H. Lecrone, Effingham; treasurer, C. L. Lee, Charleston; executive board, Edward Beard, Watseka; H. W. Clendennis, Springfield; Frank Havill, Mount Carmel; M. B. Hinds, Mattoon; E. C. Fuller, Dixon.

Motion for a New Trial Argued.

PEORIA, Ills., June 22.—The attorneys of Representative Simon Shaffer, recently indicted for agreeing to accept a bribe, argued a motion for a new trial, which was opposed by the attorneys of the state. The defendant was in court and was an interested listener. At the end of the arguments Judge Worthington announced that he would take the matter under advisement.

Illinois Building Association League.

PEORIA, June 20.—The seventeenth annual convention of the Building Association League of Illinois ended Friday evening, Rock River being selected as the next place of meeting. C. E. Penfield of Rockford was re-elected president and B. G. Vasen of Quincy secretary.

State Notes.

An unknown man was killed by a Chicago and Alton train near Bloomington. Two addresses found in his pocket were: "Arthur Berteaux, 302 Broadway, Streator, Ills.," and "Will McInny, 48 River street."

Flag Day was celebrated at Chicago Saturday. The day's exercises were cut short in the afternoon by a drenching rain.

Elsie Russell, employed by the Little Muddy Coal company at Percy, Ills., was killed while at work in his room in the mine by a falling rock.

Michael Martin, who while resisting arrest at Beardstown, Ills., attempted to shoot the city marshal, and W. E. Smith, charged with robbery, escaped from the jail at Virginia, Ills. They have not been caught.

It has developed that the liabilities of J. L. Pumphrey, of Heyworth, Ill., who has been missing for ten days, amount to at least $300,000, while his assets are less than $10,000.

Simon Shaffer, the Chicago state legislator charged with offering to accept a bribe, of which charge he was convicted at Peoria, has been granted a new trial.

Will Neal, of Rockford, Ill., conductor on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway, was drowned at Latham in Rock river. His train was laid up there for half an hour and with his crew he went in swimming.

CHICAGO AS A SUMMER RESORT.

Seems To Be Appreciated by Thugs—Tenth Bold Store Robbery.

CHICAGO, June 23.—Five men, none of them much over 25 years of age, their identity not concealed by so much as a cheap cloth mask, entered Peter Ackerman's butcher shop at 335 West Randolph street at 10 o'clock Saturday evening and ordered him to surrender the contents of his money drawer, amounting to over $75.

All the men were armed and forced compliance to their demands at the point of revolvers. Some twenty shots were fired during the hold-up. Policemen were soon on the scene and chased the robbers to the Chicago and Northwestern tracks, but did not succeed in effecting the capture of any of the desperadoes. At midnight twelve men were under arrest at the Desplaines Street station.

This is the tenth store hold-up in this city this year.

Two Thugs Captured, One Killed.

STILLWATER, Minn., June 23.—Saturday morning three men robbed Dr. Burnside Foster, of St. Paul, at Wyoming, a station twenty-two miles north of St. Paul. In doing so they killed Edward Paul and Jacob Hays and seriously wounded the doctor. Yesterday the thugs were surrounded by a posse near North Branch and one of them killed. The other two were captured, one being wounded first. One is James Cunningham, 19 years old; the other is George Kelly. The dead thug is Bob Wilson.

Murdered in His Family's Presence.

BOWLING GREEEN, Ky., June 22.—Hannibal Vernon was shot and killed by William Vernon, his cousin, at Cramer's chapel, twelve miles from here, Sunday morning, while waiting for services to begin. The tragedy was the result of a feud of several years' standing. Vernon's wife and four children were present and saw him killed. The murderer is in custody, and claims that the deceased had threatened his life and had been hounding him for years.

Suicide of a Farmer.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., June 19.—James Campbell, a farmer living four miles from Anthon, who disappeared from home two days ago, was found dead Thursday with a rope around his neck and the appearance of poison about the lips. The body lay under a tree, to which Campbell is supposed to have tried to hang himself after taking poison. He has been financially embarrassed for some time.

Walling Found Guilty.

NEWPORT, Ky., June 19.—The trial of Alonzo M. Walling, jointly indicted with Scott Jackson for the murder of Pearl Bryan, ended Thursday with conviction and fixed the penalty at death.

BIG BUILDING COLLAPSES.

Catches Twenty Persons, Kills Five, and Fatally Hurts Two Others.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 23.—The three-story building at the corner of Fifth street and Mint avenue, in which the Brighton House and the Pioneer coffee house were situated, collapsed at 4:30 yesterday afternoon, burying over twenty persons in the ruins. Five dead have been recovered and seventeen of the injured rescued. The dead are: Unknown woman; three unknown laborers; J. May, laborer.

The injured are: E. L. Davis, leg broken and internally injured, will die; E. Jewett, shoulder dislocated and internally injured; Mrs. Pearl Woodward, badly bruised; L. Stephen Keating; Byron Bailey; —— Underbarger, internally injured; J. C. Mahlin; Miss Bessie Wilson; Simon Dean; John Lyon, seriously injured internally; Dennis Griffin, internally injured and will die; Mrs. Jos Byrne; Miss Sarah Byrne; A. Lewenburger, proprietor of the lodging house, badly hurt; H. Sheppard, badly hurt internally; Patrick McKeewon, internally injured; Richard Keating.

THE DEATH RECORD.

BENJAMIN H. BRISTOW, secretary of the treasury under Grant, at New York.

F. J. MCFARLAND, prominent banker of Wapakoneta, O.

ISAAC B. HUMES, old settler of Effingham, Ills.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, June 22.

Money on call was easy at 2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper, 4@5½ per cent.; sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 488¼@488½ for demand and 487½@487½ for sixty days; posted rates, 488@488¼ and 489@489½; commercial bills, 486¾.

Silver certificates, 69@70½; no sales; bar silver, 69¾; Mexican dollars, 53¾.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's registered, 117¾; do. coupons, 117¾; 5's registered, 113; do. coupons, 113; 4's registered, 105½; do. coupons, 106¾; 2's registered, 94½; Pacific 6's of '97, 100½.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, June 22.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—June, opened 56¾c, closed 56¾c; July, opened 57c, closed 56½c; September, opened 58c, closed 57½c. Corn — June, nominal, closed 27c; July, opened 27c, closed 27¾c; September, opened 29½c, closed, 29c. Oats—June, nominal, closed 16½c; July, opened 17c, closed 16¾c; September, opened 17¾c, closed 17¾c. Pork—June, nominal, closed $8.9½; July, opened $8.97½, closed $8.97½. Lard—June, nominal, closed $4.05; July, opened $4.05, closed $4.05.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 14½c per lb.; extra dairy, 11@12c; fresh packing stock, 7½@8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 9@9½c per dozen. Live poultry—Turkeys, 6@6c per lb.; chickens (hens), 8½c; spring chickens, 13@15c; roosters, 4½@5c; ducks, 6@8½c; geese, $4.00 per dozen. Potatoes—Good to choice, 10@15c per bushel. New potatoes, 85c@$1.20 per barrel. Honey—White clover, 13@14c per lb.; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6c. Strawberries—Michigan, 60c@$1.25 per 16-quart case. Black raspberries, 65@75c per 12-quart case; red raspberries, $1.00 per 24-pint case. Blackberries, $1.25@1.75 per 24-quart case.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, June 22.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 33,000; sales ranged at $2.70@3.45 pigs, $3.20@3.65 light, $2.75@3.20 rough packing, $3.00@3.20 mixed, and $2.95@3.15 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; quotations ranged at $4.10@4.45 choice to extra shipping steers, $3.80@4.30 good to choice do., $3.65@4.05 fair to good, $3.30@3.80 common to medium do., $3.35@3.80 butchers' steers, $2.60@3.50 stockers, $3.25@3.80 feeders, $1.40@3.60 cows, $3.40@3.90 heifers, $2.00@3.60 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.60@3.85 Texas steers, and $3.60@5.35 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 19,000; sales ranged at $2.90@3.90 westerns, $2.85@3.50 Texans, $2.25@4.15 natives and $3.60@5.25 lambs.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, June 22.

Wheat—Cash white, 65c; cash red, 63¾c; July, 60½c bid; August, 60; September, 60½c asked.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, June 17.

Emperor William has received Marshal Yamagata in audience.

Rev. Lyman J. Fisher, a retired Baptist minister, has resigned from the board of education of Middletown, O., giving as his reason that after a life-long study of the Scriptures he had come to the conclusion that Saturday was the Sabbath day. As most of the examinations fall on Saturday it hurt his conscience to err longer. The resignation was accepted.

Constable Michael Doran, of Chicago, secured judgment for $10 and costs against the Wabash Railway company for fifteen minutes' detention at the company's tracks and Forty-seventh street in driving from his home in Brighton to his office at the stockyards.

Theodore Asche & Co., one of the oldest wholesale millinery houses in Chicago, located at 138 and 140 Wabash avenue, has made an assignment for the benefit of creditors. The liabilities are estimated at about $100,000 and the assets at $150,000.

A bold attempt was made to assassinate Mrs. Julia Tassel near Bristol, Ind. She was shot from ambush. Mrs. Tassel claims to be in possession of information which led to the arrest of a gang of thieves.

Thursday, June 18.

A. W. Coates, of Sioux City, Ia., blew out his brains while despondent.

A terrible famine which threatens to plunge the most prosperous portion of Tonkin, China, into the direst misery for many years is desolating the country. The harvest has been a failure.

Martin J. Russell, collector of the port of Chicago, who had a slight stroke of apoplexy last Tuesday, is improving and hopes to resume work in a short time.

Two daughters of Frank P. Hipps, of Grinnell, Ia., committed suicide by taking strychnine during the absence of their father. No cause is assigned.

Honore Bisson, aged 9½ years, daughter of A. Bisson, Chicago, died after suffering all night from the effects of drinking concentrated lye.

George E. Dyson, special officer at Chicago of the Burlington road, was exonerated before a coroner's jury for shooting and killing John Sexton, who, with three other men, was found breaking into a freight car.

Friday, June 19.

Because Mamie Mulligan, aged 14, of Peoria, Ills., would not wed John Connors, an aged individual, he shot the girl and then killed himself. Miss Mulligan may recover.

At Warsaw, Ind., 5-year-old Peter Boernson was fatally injured, J. H. Barnes had his collar bone broken and another man was seriously injured in a runaway accident.

A new outbreak of natives of Matabeleland has occurred between Umtali and Salisbury. At a meeting in that vicinity June 9 of a number of chiefs under Makoni all except four agreed to revolt, and several whites were murdered.

The printers' strike at St. Paul and Minneapolis has been settled by an agreement betwen the Typographical union and the Publishers' association to arbitrate all differences as to wages and hours.

Hon. Lyman Trumbull is so ill at Chicago, his home, that his physicians have abandoned hope. Mr. Trumbull is 83 years old.

Albert Balaski, a Polish farmer near Saginaw, Mich., is under arrest for criminally assaulting a little girl. There are threats of lynching.

Saturday, June 20.

Miss Fannie Eden, of Lebanon, Ind., and Minnie Randlemann, of Denver, Colo., who was her guest, have suddenly disappeared. Two traveling men are mixed up with the runaway and the town is shocked, as the young ladies were society leaders.

The world's navies are estimated as employing 6,000,000 men.

The native population of Matabeleland is estimated at 180,000.

Andrew Carnegie will present a public library and gymnasium and public bath to the town of Duquesne. The cost of the building will be $150,000.

It is now estimated that 10,000 lives were lost by the earthquake in Japan.

The Arkansas delegates to the Chicago convention are instructed for Bland and free silver.

C. F. Reed, embezzling postmaster of Beulah, Wis., passed through Chicago in the custody of a United States marshal.

Mrs. Nellie C. Payne, who was sentenced to four years in the female reformatory for shooting her husband, at Fowler, Ind., has been pardoned by Governor Matthews.

Monday, June 22.

The National Derby at St. Louis was won by Prince Lief by a nose; Ben Brush, second; Ben Eder, third; time, 2:34—breaks the track record.

The Druses have revolted and annihilated four companies of Turkish troops and captured several guns.

The sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne was observed Saturday with the usual hoisting of flags and ringing of church bells.

Captain Duncan C. Ross, of New York, defeated Sergeant Charles Walsh, of the Eighth Missouri National Guard, in a mounted broad sword contest at Hartford, Conn., five points to one.

At the meeting of the American Institute of Homeopathy at Detroit, J. S. B. Custis, of Washington, was elected president and Dr. Eugene R. Porter, of New York, general secretary.

The Democratic county convention at Cleveland, O., resulted in an overwhelming victory for gold. The silver men will contest the delegation at the state convention.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and

Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood; gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

EASY SONG WRITING.

ANY ONE CAN BE A COMPOSER WITHOUT KNOWING A NOTE.

You Suggest the Idea, and the Song Is Written While You Wait—Salaried Poets Are In Attendance to Furnish the Words, Your Name Goes on the Sheet.

Do you want to be known as a composer of music? It is the easiest thing in the world.

You may not know one note from another, but that doesn't matter. A few days ago a representative of The Examiner went to visit a local musician of repute. Before the musician stood a superb young woman. She was whistling. Her ripe, red lips had on them a most tempting pucker. She whistled a few notes and stopped. Then the musician, who was armed with a sheet of music score paper and a lead pencil, made hieroglyphics on the lines and spaces on the sheet. This was repeated several times.

"There," said the girl, "that is all."

A sardonic smile glittered for an instant on the musician's face and was gone. He stepped to a piano and played the melody as it had been whistled to him, at the same time improvising an accompaniment.

"Well?" said the girl interrogatively.

She had not the faintest idea of harmony or counterpoint. She could not sing.

"I must change it some," said the musician.

"Oh, yes, I expected that," said she. "I furnish the musical idea and you do the back work."

Once more there was a glimmer of fun in the musician's eyes. He requested the girl to call again in a few days. "I will have one of our poets write words for it," said he, "and when you come again you can see how you like it. You will see how they go together."

"Of course my name will go on the sheet when it is published?"

"Certainly. Do you want to be known as the author of the words?"

The girl blushed rather painfully. The heightened color made her look rather more superb. She was a tall, willowy brunette, with glowing black eyes and a rich olive complexion, on which her blush played prettily. Her attire was fashionable and the fit was perfect. Altogether she was what Tite Barnacle would have called "a well groomed young woman." Her ears and hands were small and aristocratic. Her manner, now that she had stopped puckering her lips to whistle, was a little haughty. Evidently she had not previously thought about the words of the song. The Mephistophelean suggestion of the musician was tempting. His bait was literary as well as musical distinction. She took it all, musical and literary, bait, hook and line, with a little gasp. It has been said that "it is just as well to be hung for a sheep as for a lamb," and she adopted that view with little hesitation. When the music sheet comes out, with a sentimental title, this rosy brunette will be heralded as both musician and poetess.

This is not an uncommon occurrence in San Francisco, so it was said by those who ought to know. A local music publisher put out a list of about 500 San Francisco compositions last year, and, according to the head of the firm, very few appeared as they were originally conceived. What appeared to be odd about the episode first mentioned was the perfection of the facilities furnished for taking down a musical composition. The musician wrote on his music score paper with the speed and certainty of a stenographer. In fact, he was for the time a musical amanuensis. When the girl had left him, he became the poor composer in fact.

George W. Hetzel comes in contact with many people who have musical ideas without musical knowledge. He literally takes notes as they reveal their ideas. Being a composer, he is versed in the knowledge necessary to make these ideas practicable. He is compelled to cast the tune for the range of voice for which it is best adapted. People whistle, sing, play the banjo and thump the piano at him. Then he turns the idea into a musical composition. Hugo V. Schlam of the musical publishing firm of Broder & Schlam furnished some amusing facts. Mr Schlam says that only popular songs, which are in the range of ordinary singers, and dance tunes are composed on the plan here indicated. It is not difficult for any person with a musical idea to get a song, words and music, credited to him. When the composition is ready for publication it has little resemblance to the idea of the reputed author. Very likely the originator has a little story that he desires to have "worked up" into a song, but the words are beyond him or her, and a paid poet has to do this work. Well to do people, in the financial sense, and often poorer people are willing to assume authorship with very little claim to it. Variety singers sometimes adopt this method of gaining fame.

An odd case was mentioned by Mr. Schlam. An elderly bachelor resides in San Francisco, who, early in life, lost his childish sweetheart. She fell over a cliff into the ocean. Her body was never recovered. He was so shocked by the occurrence which he witnessed, having just been playing with the little girl, that he has never married. His melancholy has increased with the flight of years. Recently he caused a song—based on this early experience, the music and words of which were composed for him—to be published. His name is on the cover of the music sheet as composer.

One explanation of such phenomena is that music is published very cheaply. The cost of 100 copies is only about $30 if the cover of the music is plain. There were 60,000 musical compositions turned out from American presses last year. Hardly more than a dozen songs were a popular success. This need not deter the musically ambitious, who can, if they find the proper place, become composers "while you wait."—San Francisco Examiner.

ANTIQUITY OF THE MEASLES.

People In All Times Have Suffered From This Disease.

Of course every one thinks he knows what measles is and yet very few really know more about the ailment than the fact that it is a contagious disease, characterized by sore eyes, sore nose, sore throat and an eruption of the skin.

The disease is one of great antiquity, dating as far back as A. D. 900. At that time, however, it was confounded with smallpox and scarlet fever. By many observers smallpox and measles were always regarded as one and the same disease, differing only in degree. This misinformation was not dispelled until 1670, when Sydenham, an English physician, declared that they were distinct diseases.

About the origin of measles little is known. At the present day the disease is found all over the civilized world. It is not known in uncivilized countries. It has always been claimed that the disease was due to a specific poison, but the nature of it was not known. Quite recently, however, a European bacteriologist named Czajikowski reported that he had found a micro organism in the blood of a person suffering from measles, which he believed to be the cause of the disease. Measles is unlike some other contagious diseases, in that it is no respecter of persons or places. It affects all sorts and conditions of people. What better illustration of this is needed than the present case in the first household of the land? The disease is one of the most highly contagious ailments known. It is far more contagious than smallpox, but the poison of measles contains much less vitality than that of the latter. The poison of measles exits in the breath, the blood, the tears and in the secretions from the nose and throat.

Although the disease is usually classed as one of childhood, adults sometimes suffer from it. The adult cases are usually the more severe. Infants under 6 months are generally considered exempt from the disease, although there are exceptions to the rule. Measles is generally looked upon as a necessary evil of childhood and one that deserves but little attention. In a simple case that may be all well enough, but there are usually other contingencies, and some of these should be guarded against. In almost every case the eyes become inflamed and call for attention. There is usually a bronchitis, which, if left uncared for, may be followed by pneumonia and fatal termination.—San Francisco Chronicle.

PRECEDENCE QUESTION.

It Was a Matter of Importance and Annoyance In the Past.

The precedence due to guests was a matter of vast importance in the seventeenth century, which the gentleman usher at Berkeley castle was expected to have at his fingers' ends. It had become very complicated under the commonwealth. There were peers, created by the king over the water, not recognized at home. There were the members, not peers, of Cromwell's upper house, and titles of his granting which the royalists sniffed at.

Mrs. Isham writes feelingly of the trials of hostesses when etiquette was reviving a little. Neighbors are "so discontented about you for plase as they be never to be reconciled againe; this is a thinge I doo much hate. Any one shall goe before me as will, and iff Sir Harry Blunte axed Harroles (Heralds) before he came downes, my Thinkes heare is so many buriells aboute, as none shoulge thinke of Plase." She is very proud of a new page. "You be to see the fust of my small oficer. I thinke itt may be a prety site to see him a Horsebacke, and in Boots, for since he nevore had Boots on before; he is to call at Lee for a leter, so he is not to stay lenge with you. This boy as we have is good for nothing but his Boots, and that pleases Pannye, and so becase he is pleased I am pleased. You will be a weary with reading these scribled Lines, so I reste your ever Lovinge Ante, E. Isham."—Longman's Magazine.

He Was Black In the Face.

One of the attendants at a local hospital, whose duty it is to apply the ether to patients about to be operated upon, often causes the doctors much annoyance by reason of his overcaution. It is rarely that he can be persuaded to apply enough of the anæsthetic to produce the desired effect without continual urging on the part of the doctor who is to use the knife. The other day a patient was about to be operated upon and the old difficulty arose. "Now, doctor, he's really had quite enough," remarked the attendant. The doctor thought otherwise, and insisted upon more ether. Remonstrating against applying any more, the attendant was about to comply with the doctor's command when he suddenly jumped back, exclaiming: "My God, doctor, the patient is dying. He's black in the face!" "Of course he is, you —— fool," replied the doctor. "If you'll look close enough you'll find he is a negro!"—Philadelphia Record.

One Way.

A Londoner is said to have built up a good business by recording the births from the newspapers, and then as a child's birthday is approaching sending to its parents a list of suitable presents to be found in his stock of goods and allusion to the date of the anniversary. This knowledge of the family affairs is said to have a very wholesome influence on sales in spite of occasional unfortunate mistakes, like sending the reminder when the child has been dead a few weeks.

Iowa almost from the date of its admission has been called the Hawkeye State. Hawkeye was the name of a noted Indian chief who, in the early days, caused no little trouble along the western border of American civilization.

The robin is always the last bird to go to bed in the evening. Its eyes are large, and it can see well by a dim light.

UNDER THE SNOW.

Under the snow lies a secret, my dear,
Under the snow,
And it whispers the coming of roses fine
And the golden bell of the jessamine vine,
This secret under the snow.

Under the snow sleeps a song, my love,
Under the snow,
And, its notes unawake to buttercups fair
Or the violets' call in soft summer air,
This song sleeps under the snow.

Under the snow lisps a prayer, my sweet,
Under the snow,
And it melts in a hope on the crocus leaf
And promises life in the hyacinth wreath,
This prayer down under the snow.

—Woman's Journal.

A DETECTIVE'S PAPER.

Some of the Curious Items and Advertisements That It Contains.

The American Hawkshaw will go down into literature outside of the dime novel and the detective story, for he has a newspaper of his own, says an exchange. This unique addition to the list of class papers is published monthly and it is devoted to the interests of detectiv and policemen.

Its news columns are given over t bulletin of more than $15,000 in c rewards, with a veritable rogues' g lery of pictures and descriptions "crooks wanted," while the lates swindling schemes and methods of detection are fully explained for its crime investigating readers. It is interesting to read that "if you want to succeed as a detective you should understand hypnotism."

"Do you need bracelets in your business?" queries a dealer in patent nippers, handcuffs and dark lanterns. "Mustache, whiskers—just the things to change your appearance when shadowing," suggests another advertiser, while "skeleton keys to open 5,000 desks, drawers, trunks and padlocks, set of six," are offered to the profession at $1. It is rather grewsome to learn that "$100 spot cash buys a pair of thoroughbred English bloodhounds, only 10 months old, and already keep a cold trail better than most old dogs; best investment a sheriff or special officer can make." Also, "for 25 cents you can learn how to detect counterfeit money."

The most novel article is a brief treatise on "psychology" as applied to crime detection. The departments of "Police Pickings" and "Secret Service Snap Shots" contain suggestive items all the way from the fact that the city council at Colfax, Wash., has decided "to reduce its police force to one man" to the statement that "New York has 94 policemen to the square mile."

In an article on the future of the detective service the detective writer declares that "dime novel writers have done amateur detectives more mischief than anything or anybody in existence, but remember truth is stranger than fiction."

The editor estimates that the "average earnings of private detectives are: First year, $850; second year, $1,500; third year, $3,000." He says: "If all the detectives and police in the United States should lay off for a month every citizen would have to fix up his house like an arsenal to protect his family and property."

Jay Gould Letter In a Curio Shop.

In a little old curiosity shop in Third avenue is an odd letter written by Jay Gould away back in 1854, before Gould began to dicker in railroads and when he was an obscure and respected surveyor.

The letter was written by Gould to the late A. M. Sherman, and it was an appeal for the loan of a surveyor's level, the young surveyor offering to give the topography of the Newburg and Syracuse railroad for it. Just before his death a few years ago Jay Gould attempted to buy the letter for $25, but it had been sold the day before. Not long ago, however, the letter came back into the possession of the curio dealer, and a few days ago he sent his young son around to George Gould's office with it, instructing him to offer it for sale for $25, the price the senior Gould had offered to pay.

George Gould was pleased with the old, worn and yellow letter. He read it and then laughingly said:

"I declare, that's funny. My father wrote that." However, he refused to give more than $5 for it, which offer the curio dealer refused.

After 42 years the letter is as plain as the day it was written. But the paper, a full sized letter sheet, written on both sides, is worn at the edges. The handwriting is plain and flowing, with a decided tendency to flourish. Two words are misspelled—barometrical and damage, which are written "bermetrical" and "dammage."

But quearest of all is the length of the epistle. Jay Gould was noted for the brevity of his business letters. Three lines often sufficed him, when his wealth was nearly $100,000,000, to transact business involving millions. But as a poor surveyor he needed plenty of verbiage to get around the loan of a $20 level.—New York Letter.

Comment on the Coronation.

Five millions sterling for a ceremonial! Is there a principle upon which an expenditure like that can be even plausibly justified? Is it not the waste of a Belshazzar, the display of an almost insane pride, a pouring out of treasure as oriental kings sometimes pour it out, solely to excite an emotion of glory in one oversated mind? Nothing could induce an Englishman to vote such a sum for such an object, and England could spare the money at least ten times as readily as Russia.—London Spectator.

Eating and Weight.

One of the superstitions perpetuated from age to age among the common people is that the human body weighs no more after a meal than before. If there were any foundation of fact in this idea, no human being could ever get fat.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster follows the chancellor of the exchequer and is himself succeeded by the lord chief justice of the queen's bench.

AN OPPRESSIVE RESPONSIBILITY.

Sympathies of the Blaine Household Brought a Respite to a Condemned Man.

General Harrison's paper on "This Country of Ours" in Ladies' Home Journal treats of "The Pardoning Power and Impeachment." Of the former he cites an incident in showing the oppressive responsibilities it places upon the shoulders of a president. He says:

"A reprieve is a temporary suspension of the execution of a sentence. This power is often used for the purpose of giving the president time to examine an application for a pardon or to enable the condemned to furnish further evidence in support of such an application. In the summer of 1889 an application for a pardon in behalf of a man condemned to death for murder was presented to me, and after a careful examination the application was denied. On the day before the day fixed for the execution I arrived at Bar Harbor on a visit to Mr. Blaine, and found that just before my arrival a telegram had come asking for a reprieve. The message had been telephoned to Mr. Blaine's house and received by Mrs. Blaine. Her sympathies and those of the whole household were at once enlisted for the poor fellow, and though the gibbet was over twelve hundred miles away the shadow of it was over the house, and I was the hangman. A telegram to the United States marshal granting a short reprieve was sent, and the day of the execution was again my uncomfortable secret. It is not a pleasant thing to have the power of life and death.

"No graver or more oppressive responsibility can be laid upon a public officer. The power to pardon includes the power to commute a sentence—that is, to reduce it. When the sentence is death, the president may commute it to imprisonment for life or for any fixed term, and when the sentence is imprisonment for life or for a fixed term of years he may reduce the term of imprisonment, and if a fine is imposed he may reduce the amount or remit it."

WHERE NO CLOUD OBSCURES.

On the Planet Mars the Weather Is Almost Always Fine.

Let us now remark that the Martian meteorology is less complicated and more pleasant than that of the earth. There the weather is almost always fine, especially during summer. Very seldom are there clouds even in winter. Generally when we are unable to distinguish through the telescope the details of the geographical configuration upon the planet the fault is in our own atmosphere and not in that of Mars. It is very rarely the case that when our atmospheric conditions are good we are unable to see these details. During the last period of observation of Mars in 1894, I, to speak for myself, encountered only 15 days (from Oct. 10 to 25) when the surface of the planet was veiled by its own atmosphere. Clouds are excessively rare on the surface of Mars, and perhaps exist at all only as fogs or light cirrus; they are not clouds of rain or storm. These veils are very infrequent there, while they are perpetual upon the earth. Probably there is not a single day in the year when the entire surface of the earth is uncovered so that it could be satisfactorily observed from space. The two planets have two meteorological systems that are absolutely antithetical.

Furthermore, in the rarefied atmosphere of Mars there can be no powerful winds, like the trade winds and the predominant atmospheric currents which rule terrestial climates. Occasionally, however, observers have noted long streaks of snow which appear to have been produced by currents in a tranquil atmosphere. Schiaparelli, for instance, observed such streaks ("trainees") in November and December, 1881, around the northern pole and extending a considerable distance from it. But such things are exceptions. The normal condition upon Mars is fine weather.—Camille Flammarion in North American Review.

What Marco Polo Did.

Marco Polo was the first traveler to trace a route across the whole length of Asia, says one of his biographers, "describing kingdom after kingdom that he had seen with his own eyes." He was the first traveler to explore the deserts and the flowering plains of Persia, to reveal China with its mighty rivers, its swarming population and its huge cities and rich manufactures; the first to visit and bring back accounts of Tibet, Laos, Burma, Siam, Cochin China, Japan, the Indian archipelago, Ceylon, farther India and the Andaman islands; the first to give any distinct account of the secluded Christian empire of Abyssinia; the first to speak even vaguely of Zanzibar, Madagascar and other regions in the mysterious south and of Siberia and the Arctic ocean in the terrible and much dreaded north. Although centuries have passed since young Marco Polo grew to man's estate while treading his dangerous way among these distant lands, we must still look back to his discoveries for much that we know about those countries; for we have learned nothing new of many of them since his time.—Noah Brooks in St. Nicholas.

His Fatal Fault.

"What do you want to haul me up for?" protested the cyclist who had been humping himself along the boulevard. "Why didn't you grab some of those chaps that were scorching past me? They were going at the rate of 20 miles an hour?"

"You were the only one I could catch," responded the perspiring policeman, gripping him tighter.—Chicago Tribune.

Limitations.

"No," sighed the evil one, "we can't do a thing with actors. The minute we try to make it hot for them they get up a benefit performance, and, of course, you know that means a frost."

Even the supernatural, it seemed, had occasionally to meet up with limitations.—Detroit Tribune.

VENETIAN GLASS.

AN ANCIENT INDUSTRY REVIVED IN THE ISLAND OF MURANO.

There Works of Art, Not Monstrosities, Are Produced—How the Descendants of the Old Venetian Glassworkers Make Beautiful Articles of Use and Ornament.

Among the lagoons, nearly due north of Venice, in the island of Murano there lives a race of men who seem to have a great future. They are the descendants of the old Venetian glassworkers, and of late years they have been reviving the ancient art, which made Murano famous in the past, of glassblowing.

The old Venetian glass was what is commonly called blown, but the name gives a very small idea of the manufacture. Glass has certain characteristics which give it its true beauty and value for art purposes, and though you may neglect these and force it to make forms utterly foreign to its nature you are producing not works of art, but monstrosities. Whatever glass may be, it is in its natural state not crystalline, so that nature is outraged when we grind it into sharp angular forms that belong rather to other materials. The old Venetian glass was light, bright, vitreous in appearance and stained with the richest possible colors, and all these qualities are retained in the newly revived manufacture at Murano.

There is one more strong point in favor of glass blown and worked over than molded—namely, that every individual piece is an original art, and as it is almost impossible that any two should be exactly alike, unless their form is very simple indeed, the buyer chooses according to his fancy and is sure that no one else possesses a piece exactly the same size and shape. In the manufacture of the ordinary cut glass minium (red lead) is frequently added to increase its brightness, but this destroys at once the characteristic lightness, and, causing it to cool more rapidly, quite prevents the possibility of working it in the proper ductile and malleable condition.

The Murano material is worked as the ancient Venetian glass made on the same island used to be, and all the old methods have been discovered, or at least the same effects have been produced. The fiamma, perhaps more strange than beautiful, the millefiore, the smalze, including perfect imitations of agates, chalcedons, lapis lazuli, etc., for mosaic, the aqua marina, rich ruby colors, the brilliant avventurino, all are here, and many other kinds of work, some of which are imitations of the old glass and some new inventions.

The tools used are a hollow reed of iron, a few instruments like shears, of different sizes, and a stamp with a strawberry shaped die. The end of the rod is dipped into molten glass of, say, ruby color, and a portion accumulated on its end. If too much or too little is taken, the wineglass will not be of the right size, and if the metal, as it is called, is not of the right temperature, the color will be too dark or too light. The lump is rolled on a table into symmetry and heated again. A few turns of the rod and a breath or two through it, and a hollow ball appears at the end. One extra puff of the breath and the bowl would be too large and too thin. A boy brings up a small portion of white glass, which he has picked out of another reservoir and blown hollow. This must be so hot as almost to drop off the rod, and must be ready at the exact moment. He touches the bowl with it, and the two adhere like sealing wax. A pull asunder and one dextrous twist form the delicate stem of the wineglass upon which three little lumps of glass are then stuck and stamped as strawberries and the whole is again introduced into the furnace, where it would instantly droop out of shape but for the deft manipulation which it undergoes.

By the time it is heated the boy is ready with another globe of glass, perhaps of a different color, which he causes to adhere to the bottom of the stem. The man spins it around between his shears, nipping part of it almost off, and thus gaining the right quantity of metal for the foot, no less and no more. One tap on an iron ledge breaks the superfluous piece, and leaves a small hole at the point of the fracture. Once more the action of the fire is called in to soften the brittle material, and when the pear shaped ends come out the points of the closed shears are introduced to widen the opening into a cuplike form.

A small lump of avventurino is by this time on the end of the boy's rod, melted and only saved from dropping by his dexterity. One touch and it adheres to the end of the cup just formed. He puts it out and winds it around, adhering as it goes to the edge. Again the fire does its duty, and then the artist finishes the form of the foot, detaching immediately the bulb at the top from his hollow rod. Another rod, with a molten piece of glass, is prepared for him by the boy's ready co-operation, and is pressed against the center of the foot, to which it adheres. Into the fire goes the whole piece, and when withdrawn the bowl of the glass is partly shaped by the shears, avventurino wound around the edge as before with the foot. A last heat, and with artistic care the delicate, crocuslike bowl, which is some day to contain the sparkling wine, is completed.—London Globe.

The Minuteness of Spores.

Every plant in the vegetable kingdom springs from and produces seeds. The mushroom and the fungi in general are no exceptions, only that their reproductive bodies are termed "spores." Some fungi spores are so inconceivably minute that it would require more than 200,000,000 of them placed side by side to cover the space of a square inch.—St. Louis Republic.

You will, I believe, in general ingratiate yourself with others still less by paying them too much court than too little.—Lord Greville.

CONSCRIPTION IN FRANCE.

The French Army Is One of the Greatest of Modern Times.

"Every Frenchman owes service to the state in return for the protection it affords his person, his rights and his property." This principle is the foundation of the military administration of the French, whose army is one of the greatest of modern times, and whose military discipline is said to approach as near to perfection as is considered possible in so great an organization.

Formerly the period of active military service was five years, but recently the chamber passed a bill reducing it to three, at the same time lengthening the periods spent with the various stages of the reserve force. As in Germany, it is possible to get a reduction of this term provided the young man can produce proof of a certain standard of education.

The degree of bachelier, the certificate d'etude or the passing of a special examination set for the purpose enables, though it does not entitle, the recruit to get his period of service reduced to one year. This commutation is only granted where there is sufficient ground for believing the men are adequately trained and up to the required standard.

Once out of the active army, the men pass into the reserve for six years, where they undergo a short annual period of training until thoroughly efficient soldiers. The next six years are spent with the reserve, after which they are drafted into the territorial army, or third line of defense, for another six years, frequently rising in rank to the position of lieutenant, but not higher. Thence they are put on the reserve territorial list.

This system gives France a peace army of over 500,000, which in time of war can be augmented to 2,500,000 men, or even more.

Partly as a result of the republican nature of the Frenchman, and the administrative government, there is hardly ever a trace of class feeling in the rank. The man of good blood receives no better and no worse treatment at the hands of his fellows and his superior officers than does the recruited farmhand, and rich and poor share equally and good naturedly the pleasant duties and the dirty work.

Of course there as everywhere a well lined purse is a passport to a certain degree of comfort and exemption from the distasteful, but the unfortunate individual who is foolish enough to give demonstration of too much love for clean fingers and whiteness of skin will find that money will not buy him free of the jobs he tries to steer clear of, and that the orderly will take a delight in putting him on to all the dirty work he can find—and seeing that he does it.—New York Mercury.

NOT A PHILANTHROPIST.

Although He Willingly Gave a New Floor For an Old One.

It is not very often that such a seemingly philanthropic offer is made by one business man to another as that told of by a partner in an old bullion house to a reporter.

"Not long ago," he said, "a dealer in gold and silver heard that one floor of a building which had not been occupied for some time was to be rented, but that the prospective tenant had insisted that a new floor be laid before he take possession, as the old one had become very much worn. The bullion dealer knew that the previous occupant had been a manufacturer of jewelry and had been in business in the place for many years. He promptly visited the owner of the property and told him that he would put in a new floor of the best wood for nothing. The owner made a few inquiries, but the dealer said very little in reply, except that he thought he would manage to scrape a good deal of gold and silver dust from off the floor. His offer was accepted. The wood for the new floor and the labor for laying it cost about $200.

"The old flooring was burned and the ashes put through a course of reduction. The result was that the bullion dealer obtained nearly $500 for the gold and silver which were brought out, or a profit of about 100 per cent on the operation.

"Every manufacturer of jewelry or worker in the precious metals calculates that he will lose about $800 in 'saturating' new quarters of the usual loft size. The gold and silver dust penetrates the pores of the wood and small particles are ground into the floor. After just so much is lost in this way the waste ceases and all dust that falls to the floor or adheres to the wall may be swept up or off and saved. The sweepings in these factories and in bullion offices are always saved and reduced."—New York Mail and Express.

Greeting In the Pool.

The central pool at the aquarium is 30 feet in diameter. In this pool there are among other fish three handsome weakfish, each weighing about a pound and a half. Sometimes the weakfish swim about in company, sometimes two together and one by itself. Sometimes the three move about separately, but it seems as though they knew one another. The other day two of them started around the big pool in opposite directions. Meeting on the other side, they halted side by side in the water for a moment, as two men might halt on meeting in the street, and after this mute greeting they started up their fins and went each its way.—New York Sun.

Becoming Veils.

Veils which are designed to enhance the loveliest complexion and improve a poor one are made of black Russian net spotted with chenille and lined with the thinnest pink tulle. These are gathered ready for use and finished with rosettes of baby ribbon at the back. White veiling with brown chenille spots is another fancy of fashion.

Police Court Colloquy.

Judge—Why don't you answer whether or not you are guilty?

Prisoner—I refuse to commit myself.

Judge—I'll save you the trouble—six months.—Philadelphia Record.

THE MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.

To love, or not to love? that is the question:
Whether it is better, in the end, to suffer off
and on the pangs of jealousy,
Or, by remaining adamant, escape it.
To love, to be unhappy, very oft; and, by being
unhappy, to shorten our lives by
years—
There is a consummation devoutly to be
wished.
For who would stand the fickleness of men,
The old man's jealousy, the young man's tyranny,
When she herself might so much happier be by
remaining single?
Who would these fardels bear, to give up all
that girls hold dear,
But that the dread of being an old maid,
With unkind epithets bestowed upon her,
Causes her to pause, and make herself attractive ere it is too late?
—Gertrude M. Shakespeare in New York Sun.

MASTER JOHN.

Master John Landor, 4 years old and every inch a man, wore a debonair manner as he strolled down Market street with his nurse. He carried his head becomingly high, as little men should, and despite his rather bored air, which was perfectly in harmony with the aristocratic circumstances of his domestic and social life, the big brown eyes in his head were wide open to every detail of life in the moving street. That is why he happened to observe that a handsome young woman started in dazed surprise when she met him, caught her breath, and with staring eyes, open mouth and a certain hungry eagerness of face and attitude stood and gazed at him as he passed nonchalantly on. Being a very handsome boy and accustomed to the adulation of women, he did not deign to look back or even to wonder at the uncommon excitement displayed by the beautiful stranger. As for the nurse, she had seen nothing, possessing that comfortable order of dullness that passes for valuable patience in the conduct of children's nurses.

The startled woman, known in various cities as Mlle. Clarisse Chevalier, likely would have fainted had not a gentleman who noted her distress roused her with a proffer of assistance.

"No!" she replied sharply and ungraciously, her whole manner instantly changing to defiance and self control and her brilliant black eyes flashing with impatience and resentment. She strode on, turned to look at a shop display in a window, cast a furtive glance in the direction which the boy and his nurse had taken, and then, with a brave show of indifference, began to follow. It would have been evident to a very casual observer that she was suffering. The drawn mouth corners, the dilated nostrils, the quick breathing, the eager, burning eyes and a certain irregularity of step all indicated distress.

"Why wait?" was what she whispered to herself. "I know as much now as I can learn tomorrow. The girl is as great a fool today as she will be next week. Why not make the dash now? Oh, how beautiful he is! What strong little legs! What a manly walk! And his wonderful brown eyes and golden brown curls—I can't wait another day. They don't know I'm in town—or even alive. I don't care. I don't care what comes of it. I must have him now—now, this minute! Oh, God, give me strength! My heart is bursting!"

With that she gathered herself up, and with eyes of a wonderful luster plunged boldly into her task. She presently overtook the boy and his nurse, and with a natural, easy and pleasant manner said to the girl:

"Oh, I beg pardon! You are Mary, I believe—the Landors' nurse. Mrs. Landor passed me a moment ago looking for you, and when I told her I had seen you down the street she asked me to fetch the little boy to her. She is waiting back there. You know she and I are old friends, but I haven't seen her for a long time. Oh, by the way, she said you might spend the day and night with your mother in Oakland, and she asked me to hand you this money. Come, little man, your mamma is waiting. Goodby, Mary!"

Her manner was so breezy, confident and sweeping that she carried the assault without difficulty. Mary, gladdened with the prospect of a long holiday and with a bright piece of silver in her hand, went joyously and unsuspectingly on her way, while little Master John, likely delighted, after the way of his sex, with a new sensation in the role of an exceptionally pretty and dashing woman, permitted her hand to seize his with rather a too severe pressure and himself to be led away in triumph.

Perhaps he was too youthful and inexperienced to observe that her elegant clothes were too pronouncedly fashionable, that the color of her lips and cheeks was slightly too robust, and that in her face and manner was a certain hardness quite uncommon in the refined set to which he was accustomed. Possibly had he noticed these things they would have made the woman all the more attractive in his eyes. Certainly her dash and swing were captivating and the free grace of her movements and the handsome face and tall distinguished figure might have made a conquest of an older man than he. As they moved rapidly along, hurrying to escape into a quiet street, Master John was rather proud to see that the men whom they met stared at his conductor as he had never seen them stare at other women, and he was pleased to note the complete indifference which his companion exhibited for these blunt and forward attentions.

After awhile she hurried up a flight of stairs and into handsomely appointed rooms. She instantly locked the door, dashed off her hat, tore her gloves to shreds in her haste to remove them, flung herself on her knees at Master John's feet and clasped him to her bosom. She held him thus tightly and in silence until he began to struggle for freedom, and then followed a remarkable scene.

"Where is my muvver?" he demanded.

"Your mother, boy—your mother? Oh, she'll be along pretty soon!"

The woman was now choking and sobbing, and, again drawing the boy to her and kissing him hungrily again and again, she brokenly said:

"That's all right, my boy; you'll see her very soon. Look at me. Look me straight in the eyes—like that."

She held his pretty rosy cheeks between her hands and each gazed steadily into the eyes of the other, she through her tears, he wondering and admiring, but distressed.

"And your name is Johnnie," she said growing calmer, "but I am going to call you Jack."

"My name isunt Johnnie, an it isunt Jack," he replied, with sturdy dignity and visible offense. "It's John—John Edward Landor."

Her eyes twinkled, and she laughed delightedly. Then she caught him in her arms and kissed him and cried until he indignantly demanded to be freed. Upon that she cajoled, petted and humored him and ran and fetched some candy, and with jests and laughter tempted him with it, but he stoutly said:

"No, tank you. I take candy from nobody but jus' my muvver."

She stopped as though he had struck her. Then she again dropped to her knees, again took his pretty cheeks between her hands and again each gazed into the eyes of the other.

"You have brown eyes, John," she said very softly and gently and sadly, "and your father has gray eyes, has he not?"

"Yes."

"And your mother has blue eyes?"

"Yes. I fink so."

"Do you like my black eyes, John?"

Unfortunately at that moment her eyes, always brilliant and sparkling, held a certain eager fire that filled the lad with uneasiness.

"No," he answered. "I like my muvver's eyes."

"But, John," she pleaded, clutching him with unconscious force and devouring his face with her insatiable eyes, "you could love me very much, couldn't you? You do love me a little now, John, don't you?"

"No!" he exclaimed impatiently. "I jus' love my muvver. Where is she? I want her." With that he pushed her away.

She flung herself upon the floor and wept in a transport of anguish, while he stood looking on in surprise and alarm, his fine breeding giving him nevertheless a cool, half pitying, half scornful self possession.

Her agony was of short duration, and she rose smiling and brilliant again. Her tears and handkerchief had long ago left her face white, even pallid; but now a bright flush was rising and it lent a special charm to her bold, showy beauty. She bustled about, chatting, laughing, singing—employing every artifice to hold the boy's attention and avoiding any mention of his mother.

Master John was too wise to fall under these lures. He had become suspicious, and was now obdurate and ugly.

She flew at him and caught him angrily by the arms.

"Bah!" she cried. "That is the father in you, and you have that same cold sneering mouth of his that I hate!" And she flung the child from her and stood glaring at him, trembling and terrible.

But for a moment only. She broke into a laughter that was half sobbing and wholly hysterical, and before his trembling lips could open for sobs which he was trying so manfully to suppress she was transformed into a cyclone of jollity and diversions. He regarded her with a painful mixture of wonder, fear and admiration as she rattled off thrilling stories of giants and fairies, and he relaxed when she wheedled him to her side for the close inspection of beautiful picture books, while she petted and soothed him and stole an arm around him and pressed him tenderly to her breast. And the kisses that fell so gently on his hair and forehead and cheek, and the tender caresses of her hand as it passed from his hair to his neck and to his face and hands, and the overwhelming flood of affection that was poured out upon him from her eyes and voice and spirit, all led him for a time away from the central thought that lay deep and strong within him.

Lacking in the finer skill of the art and being guided largely by an overmastering affection that must develop what tact it could and no design whatever, the wretched woman carried her part too far. Suddenly the former distrust and alarm returned to Master John's face and he imperiously demanded:

"Where is my muvver?"

Clarisse sank back in her chair and moaned helplessly.

"You tol me my muvver was comin," said Master John imperiously.

"Yes, John, that is what she told me, you know," she replied hurriedly. "Of course she has been detained." The woman turned white as she added in a voice hardly above a whisper: "If your mother doesn't come in a few minutes, your father will be here in an hour or two. I give you my word for that."

There must have been something in the woman's manner that touched the child's heart, for pity came into his eyes, and he stepped close to her and for the first time gave a demonstration of interest and sympathy. Her eyes glowed with ineffable happiness as he laid his hand in hers and said:

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelins. You know—my muvver—she's awful careful about me, and she tol me never to let any lady what I didn't know talk to me on the street."

The look of joy faded from the woman's face, but all the tenderness remained.

"John," she asked, "did she warn you against any particular woman?"

"I fink," he answered thoughtfully, "she said I mustn't speak to any lady what was tall an booful an had bright black eyes."

The boy was not looking into her face just then, but was regarding her hand, which he thoughtfully stroked while striving to remember the warning he had received. Perhaps it was to hide her face that Clarisse buried it in the small shoulder of Master John and stifled her sobs, while her tears streamed down his velvet jacket.

While he was in this quiet and thoughtful mood something else came into his mind.

"What is your name?" he inquired. "I never saw you at our house."

Thereupon he tried to dislodge her face from his shoulder to make a deliberate inspection of her, but she held him all the firmer and remained concealed. She evaded his question.

They had grown much closer in spirit now. The woman's frenzy in its various forms had passed and her heart settled down into a sweet sense of the child's possession, tempered with vague, bitter reflection upon the past and future. But the sweetness of the present was sufficient, and in that her soul was bathed.

Illuminating all other feelings was her triumphant realization that in spite of all the wild and uncontrollable vagaries of her conduct that day she had achieved a long march in the conquest of the child. "I am winning him," she said over and over in her heart, "and he will love me, he will love me!"

She held him there, still keeping her face concealed, and gently leading his mind into other ways. With infinite tact and sweetness she coaxed him into talking of his own affairs, and she held herself under perfect control when he spoke of his father and mother.

Presently she became aware that darkness was falling. She released the child, lighted the rooms brilliantly and gave him an abundance of good things to eat, she joining him in the feast. Two children were never happier. The boy seemed to have forgotten all about his home in the glowing life and radiance which filled the place. Never had a companion so sparkling and charming, so various, dazzling and beautiful, appeared to his experience. Their jests and pranks and stories and laughter were ringing at their height when the doorbell sounded. The woman quailed, shrank and turned white. She caught the child in her arms, kissed him violently and said:

"John, your father has come."

This instantly recalled the boy from his dream.

"I want him," he eagerly said.

The woman led him into the drawing room, seated him and went out and admitted three men—a detective, a policeman and Mr. John Edward Landor, capitalist and gentleman.

"Master John is here with me," the woman quietly remarked, "and we have been enjoying a very delightful visit with each other. Will you enter, gentlemen? I have been expecting you. I am very sorry I have caused you any inconvenience, but I knew that as the trail which I always leave is very broad and easily followed, you would have little difficulty in finding us. By the way, Mr. Landor, that intelligent nurse girl of yours is spending the day with her mother." Her laugh was hard and malicious.

"Take us to the boy, Clarisse," the detective bluntly commanded.

"By all means. Enter, gentlemen."

She led them into the shining drawing room, and Master John, with a cry and a bound, sprang into his father's arms, where he was held strongly and securely while Mr. Landor glared savagely at the woman standing so defiant and sneering before him.

"I am greatly obliged to you, gentlemen," said he to the officers, "and will now leave you to do your duty."

The woman pricked up her ears at that.

"Come, Clarisse," commanded the detective. "Get your hat and cloak."

"Why!" she exclaimed, beginning to show a fierce aspect.

"You may need them on the way to the prison."

"What am I charged with?"

"Tomorrow Mr. Landor will swear to a complaint for abduction."

The woman started.

"And that means that his money and power will send me to the penitentiary."

"That is exactly what it means," remarked Mr. Landor, the coldness and hardness of his sneering mouth comporting oddly with the malignant and implacable hatred that blazed in his gray eyes. "You will be placed where you will be unable to steal my son."

"Your son! Oh, God, that is true! I did not abduct him. You dog, you coward, you beast! You know I'm defenseless. You know I was only exercising a right that is the most sacred on this earth."

"I suppose you have told him," Mr. Landor said.

"I have told him nothing, hound! I am not so low as that."

Her manner then suddenly underwent a change. Tears sprang to her eyes and poured down her cheeks. "Surely," she pleaded humbly, "you will not send me up. It was only a little prank, John. I couldn't help it—upon my soul, I couldn't help it. Was it not enough that you robbed me of our baby and sent me adrift an outcast? I will never speak to him again, John, but will go away tomorrow and never come back." She came near and laid one hand on his arm and the other on the shoulder of Master John. 'Don't be hard on me. Remember the happy old days, John. I meant no harm."

"Gentlemen, do your duty," coldly said Mr. Landor, as he contemptuously shook the woman off and started for the door.

She stood rigid and dazed, but a strange incident revived her. Master John wriggled unexpectedly and with so much vigor that he escaped from his father's arms and ran to Clarisse, who instantly caught him up. He threw his arms around her neck and kissed her.

"You are very naughty to call my fahver a beast and a dog," he said, in a playful tone, "'cause he isn't, you know."

"Yes, yes, John, I know," she responded, returning his caress a hundredfold. "You love me, don't you, John?" she pleadingly asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Very much?"

"Oh, ever so many times much."

She threw a swift look of triumph at Mr. Landor.

"And you will always remember me and love me?"

"Yes, just as long as I live."

The agony of love that went into the kisses with which she now smothered the child may not be measured by men.

She surrendered the boy, and with a look of infinite sweetness and sadness saw him borne out of the room in the arms of his father.

"Goodby, John," she called.

"Goodby," came back the parting word in a childish voice whose music sang in her soul.

There she stood, radiant, transfixed and beautiful, the embodiment of womanly grace and loveliness. She was recalled to herself by an impatient order:

"Hurry up, Clarisse."

She started, moaned and staggered into the next room. She was heard to open a drawer, and in another moment the two officers were startled by a pistol shot. They sprang to the door.

"We are too late," said the detective. —San Francisco Call.

The History of Art.

The whole of our art has been so much influenced by that of the Greeks and Romans that it is obviously necessary in my discussion of the history of portrait painting to consider what portraiture was like in classical times. The prior art of Egypt may be left aside. To quote Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez: "Painting never became an independent and self sufficing art in Egypt. It was commonly used to complete sculpturesque effects, and it never freed itself from this subordination." In fact, it had its origin in the painted bas-relief, and it never advanced beyond the process of filling in an outline with flat tints. Obviously this can never give us portrait painting in the true sense of the term, and it is only with this branch of portraiture that I am here concerned. Classical art has aroused such unbounded enthusiasm and has been investigated with such loving care that in spite of its remoteness we really know a great deal about it—much more, indeed, than we know of the art of the middle ages. But, of course, there are very serious gaps in our information. And it is precisely in the present subject that one of the biggest of these gaps occurs.

We can form a very good idea of what classical painting in general was like from the remains at Pompeii, for, though they belong to a comparatively debased period, they are certainly an echo of the finest Greek art—that is to say, the best Greek painting was like that, only a great deal better. But it is a very curious thing that there is practically no portraiture among the Pompeian remains. The nearest approach to it is in the great mosaic of the battle of Issus, where the principal figure is certainly meant for Alexander, but it is a very conventionalized rendering, and being in mosaic can give us but little idea of what a painted portrait was like.—Nineteenth Century.

Talking Religion With Arabs.

The talk turned somehow upon the life of the camp, and gradually we got to their religion. I asked them what sacrifices they made. "We sacrifice every year"—I understood in our spring. "For what?" "Minshan el mawat—for the sake of the dead." "What good does it do the dead?" "It keeps them in our mind." "What other sacrifices have you?" "We slay in the tents, when the great yearly sacrifices are made at Mecca." "For what?" "Minshan el mawat," replied one of the young men. But a graybeard corrected him: "Nay, my son, these be not minshan el mawat, but minshan Allah—for the sake of God."

What he meant he could not further explain, or, more probably, we failed to understand him. But then we learned that there were occasional sacrifices of more appreciable efficacy. Should a chief's son be very ill, they would offer a costly beast as a substitute for his life. Should a costly beast be ill, they would offer a lamb or kid; always, it is to be noticed, a life less valuable to spare a life more valuable. Then the graybeard who had spoken said: "And what sacrifices have ye Nazarenes?" So Mr. Sykes took up the parable and told them of the one supreme sacrifice which is the center of our religion—the sacrifice not of the less for the more valuable, but of the most precious and holy life of all for the lives of the worthless and miserable.

For a moment the restless Arab eyes were fixed upon him with wonder at a thing so strange, and then began to wander again. But I shall never forget the sight of those wild faces lit up by the dying fire at the mouth of the tent, with the deep night beyond and the great yellow stars above the outline of the hill.—Good Words.

Cushing's Heroic Deed.

In 1861, at the very beginning of our civil war, a young lad named William Barker Cushing entered the navy as a volunteer officer, though he had previously been through the Naval academy at Annapolis. He was only 19 years old, but a braver or more reckless sailor never grasped a cutlass or stood by a gun. Never a fight but he was in the thick of it, never a battle but Cushing's name was mentioned in ordess. He dared do anything that man dared. One dark night, at Plymouth, N. C., he took a boat's crew, and, stealing quietly away, he crept up beside the Confederate ram Albemarle, and, taking the chances of almost certain death, he sank her by a torpedo fired from his steam launch. Then he fought at Fort Fisher with great bravery, and, what is even rarer, he used sound judgment, securing for his command all the fruits of the victory.—Arthur Hoeber in St. Nicholas.

Extreme Cruelty.

Lawyer—Upon what ground, Mr. Addlepate, do you expect to apply for a divorce?

Addlepate—On the ground of cruelty. My wife tried to compel me to stay home evenings and take care of the baby!—Detroit Free Press.

A FRENCH VIEW OF US

AN ARTICLE ON AMERICANS TAKEN FROM A PARIS JOURNAL.

Our Young Women Have Some Good Points and Others That Are Not So Good—But the Writer Only Knows Us by the American Colony In Paris.

Yes, Paris is becoming Americanized. In several quarters of the city, on the Champs Elysees and near the Trocadero, favorite resorts for transatlantics with large fortunes, as well as near the Pantheon and the Luxembourg, places of quiet sojourn for young lady students and artists from New York and Chicago, one sees unequivocal signs of the growing importance of the American colony in our city during these last years. Around the Opera, the veritable center of the business of this colony, are to be found, recently opened, numerous barrooms, each with its prodigious display of flasks, customers standing before the counter, and barkeeper lording it about in his disorderly dress. Next door are steamship agencies, money changers, tailors, bankers and other representatives of the arts and industries who make a specialty of American business.

There are certainly twice as many Englishmen as Americans in Paris, but half of the former hold only inferior positions, like that of coachman, groom, nurse or governess. On this account the English are much less noticeable than the Americans, who are usually in easy circumstances. Few English families choose to pass any length of time in Paris. They prefer Cannes, Pau or Boulogne.

What is remarkable is that in the American colony there is only about one man to every five women. Indeed, there are families in which the stronger sex is not represented, the husband or father being occupied on the other side of the Atlantic in making the money that is indispensable to his wife and daughters who are shining in a foreign land. One of the motives that induce these families to live in such an unnatural way is the desire or pretext to learn French. It is the fashion in the States for children to acquire the Parisian accent. Upper tendom in New York does not consider its education complete without a finishing off in Paris. Another reason why Americans are fond of residing in Paris is that the cost of living accommodates itself to every purse, whereas in New York you must copy either the rich or the poor.

The first thing that an American does on arriving in Paris is to rush off to the United States minister, whom he pursues pitilessly. For this reason there is always a crowd at the legation, and the functionary who directs it is in constant requisition for the private business of his compatriots. He must direct them to a good family pension, to the best school for boys or girls; he must give them, confidentially, his opinion on the price and quality of the merchandise sold in such or such a large store. Women of severe mien ask him moral questions about "the modern Babylon." Modest spinsters wish the addresses of places of amusement that they may frequent without danger of being shocked. Of course, the refrain to all these demands is a request for a complimentary ticket to the balls given by the president or the city or the ministers, and to all the official entertainments. You see that the diplomatic office of the representative from the United States is no sinecure.

A characteristic feature of American life in Paris is the absence of Parisian young ladies in American drawing rooms. This is explained by the dislike that French mothers have to the manners of American "misses," whose assurance, independent carriage, and oftentimes eccentricities, seem to them a bad example for their daughters. Is this justifiable? I think not. I believe that certain phases of American education—found in the best of families, of course, would have a beneficial effect on French girls. Our good mothers rear their daughters as they themselves were reared—following sacred tradition. Such training tends to crush out originality and the desire to adopt anything new. It is perhaps for this reason, from atavism that is, that the vital, productive, progressive qualities seem to be dying out among us as a people. A little Americanization would seem to be necessary.

On the other hand, if our ladies shun American receptions, our gentlemen flock to them, and are esteemed according to their titles. A wealthy American girl feels highly complimented to receive a count in her drawing room, she goes wild over a marquis, and a duke or a prince would, without doubt, raise her to the seventh heaven.—Translated From a French Journal.

Carrington as a Judge.

Sir Frederick Carrington is best known to the public as the organizer of the famous Carrington's horse. A friend of his was telling how Carrington used to maintain discipline among his somewhat unruly followers. When an offender was brought up before him, he would sit solemnly in court martial, and the charge was recited. "Did you do it?" he would say. "Yes, sir," was the reply. It wasn't much good to say "No." "Oh, you did, did you? Then take that." Wherewith Carrington would rise in his might and thrash the culprit until he considered him sufficiently punished. "Carrington," said his friend to me, "was judge and executioner in one. But, then, you see, he was pretty certain of being able to give every single one of his troopers several pounds and a beating."—London World.

Hopeless.

"Tom has proposed, and asks me to give him his answer in a letter."

"Shall you do it?"

"No. I will be more liberal and give him his answer in two letters."—Pick Me Up.

NAPOLEON'S SON.

The Emperor's Nature Seemed to Be Transformed by the Birth.

During the season of 1810-11 the emperor's private life was virtually devoted to beneficence. In addition to the favors granted to Carnot he lavished money on other objects, some not so worthy. Canova, who had been called from Rome to make a portrait statue of the empress, obtained a substantial grant for the learned societies of that city. Chenier, like Carnot, had been a pronounced adversary of the empire. He now sought employment under it, and was made inspector general of the university, an office which he did not live long to enjoy. All the old favorites were remembered in a general distribution of good things. Talleyrand having just lost an immense sum by the failure of a trusted bank, the emperor came to his relief by purchasing one of his most splendid palaces for more than 2,000,000 francs. The court resided sometimes at St. Cloud, sometimes at Rambouillet, sometimes at the Trianon, but for the most part at Fontainebleau, where the ceremonious life, to which all concerned were now well accustomed, was marked by none of the old awkwardness, but ran as brilliantly as lavish expenditure could make it. The pregnancy of the empress was celebrated with great festivities, during which Napoleon performed one of his most applauded acts—the endowment of a vast maternity hospital. The empress was brought into great prominence as the president of a society consisting of a thousand noble ladies, under whose patronage the charity was placed.

The unconcealed and ecstatic delight of the prospective father found vent in delicate and tender attention to the mother of his child, and until her deliverance he was a gentle, devoted and considerate husband. His whole nature seemed transformed. When in the early morning of March 20, 1811, word was brought that the empress was in her labor, and that a false presentation made it of instant necessity to choose between the life of the mother and that of the child the feelings of the emperor can better be imagined than described. If the expected heir should die, his dynasty would be jeopardized, his enemies would once more be making appointments over his grave, the hopes of a lifetime might be shattered. But there was not a moment's wavering. "Think only of the mother," he cried.

The fears of the attending physician were vain, after all, and the man child, coming without a cry into the world, and lying breathless for seven minutes, as if hesitating to accept or decline his destiny, finally gave a wail as he caught the breath of life. Napoleon turned, caught up his treasure and pressed it to his bosom. A hundred guns announced the birth, and the city burst into jubilations, which were re-echoed throughout Europe from Dantzig to Cadiz. Festival succeeded festival, and for an interval men believed that the temple of Janus would be again closed. No boy ever came on the earthly stage amid such splendors or seemed destined to honors such as appeared to await this one. The passionate devotion of the father was constant from the beginning. It lasted even after he had been deserted and betrayed by the mother, after the child had been estranged and turned into an Austrian prince.—"Life of Napoleon" by Professor William M. Sloane, in Century.

The Karaim Jews.

The Karaim Jews number 3,000 or 4,000, and live principally in the Crimea. They speak a Tartar dialect among themselves, and ethnologically are much more like Tartars than Semites. Their own legends, in fact, permit the assumption that they were Khazars, and were converted to Judaism in the eighth century. Their form of Judaism differs from that of the 5,000,000 or more orthodox Russian Jews in rejecting the Talmud and traditional theology altogether, and confining itself strictly to the Mosaic revelation. It has been a favorite amusement with the Russians for generations to pretend the greatest admiration and affection for this obscure little tribe.

Mme. Novikoff had her joke on the subject here in London, when she gravely assured an interviewer some years ago that there never had been a law of any kind issued in Russia against the Jews. When this amazing assertion was questioned, she coolly explained that she referred to the Karaim Jews, as in Russia they did not consider the disciples of the Talmud were Jews at all. Inasmuch as the Karaites constitute only a two-thousandth part of the Jewish race, if, indeed, it be conceded that they belong to it at all, the insolence of the Russian attitude toward them is peculiarly exasperating to Hebrews in general, and the spectacle of their being brought forward at Moscow as the sole representatives of Israel will smart and rankle just as the genial Slavonic character desires that it should. —Saturday Review.

Where Gloves Are Grown.

The raising of kids for their skins is a leading industry among the French mountaineers, who obtain no small part of their subsistence from this source. Softness, delicacy of texture and freedom from blemish are principal factors in the value of kid skins, and to secure these essentials great pains are taken.

As soon as the young animal begins to eat grass the value of the skin declines, for with a grass diet its skin immediately begins to grow coarser and harder in texture, and its chief merit vanishes. It is, therefore, kept closely penned, not only to prevent it from eating grass, but also to secure its skin from accidental injury from scratches or brushes, which impair its value.

When the kids have reached a certain age at which the skins are in the best condition for the use of the glover, they are killed, and the hides are sold to traveling hawkers, through whom they reach the great centers of the tanning industry at Annonay, Millau, Paris and Grenoble.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HOW DUFFY STOLE A JAIL.

It Was a Box Car, and He Coupled It to a Way Freight.

This is the narrative of Duffy's theft of a jail and the prisoners therein. Mr. Duffy, from the core of the nation's intellect, balloonist, manfish, tourist and orator, had found a friend who had indulged him to the extent of the following items, to wit: Three free drinks, one supper, one cigar. This story was his payment therefor. He unbuttoned his vest, for he had consumed a large, thick steak, two dishes of potatoes, two plates of bread, two cups of coffee, three large, heavy flannel cakes and a glass of milk.

"Thrue oratory an me gintlemanly instincts often lead me into pleasant fields an the company of conganial companions," he began. "I onct committed most shameful larceny in the state of Indianny. I was tourin with a friend an we had journeyed as far as Jay county. Now, ye can't tell me that the people of a county with such a name can cope with a set of brains from Boston. We had reached the town of Portland. Me friend committed the indiscretion of becomin hungry an was arrested. I brought me intillict to bear upon the sitooation an kept well fed an free.

"Now, Portland was the county sate, an the jail had recently been burined to the ground. The sheriff therefore kep' his prisoners in a box car down on the railroad thrack, the same bein loaned by a conservative company, the which didn't want the prisoners beatin their way on its trains. Me friend was dumped into this jail. Me an me intillict staid on the outside.

"I agitated me thinker all day an by nightfall had planned the deliverance of me friend an his fellow incarcerates. At supper toime the gyard went away home, leavin his lantern by the trackside. It was me intintion to prise the door off the car, an I was lookin about fer a prise whin I heard a train comin. Me intillict was equal to the emergency. I took the gyard's lantern an flagged the train, which was of the way freight species, the hardest of all fer a tourist to travel under.

"The train stopped an the conductor says kind of impedint like, 'What'n'll d'je shtop this train fer?'

"'Me frien,' says I, 'this car is bound fer Tiffin, O., an me instructions was to shtop yez an hitch it on to yer train.' He grumbled a good deal, but hitched the car on, me hangin to the brake beam.

"It was along about 3 o'clock in the mornin when we crossed the Ohio loine an shtopped at a station. I crawled out, broke open the jail door wid a couplin pin an all me laddybucks come foorth, free as the air. An that's how I shtole the jail in Indianny. My, but I'm dry!" —Kansas City Star.

STRONG ON ECONOMY.

A Philadelphia Husband Dispenses With the Services of a Carpenter.

A newly married man, who had never had much experience in doing small jobs about the household, told several of his associates of his first attempt to gain his wife's approval by doing a favor for her.

"You know I am very fond of dogs," said he. "Well, I purchased a fine little fox terrier pup, and he was so full of ginger that he chewed up everything he could get at about the house and nearly worried my wife's pet cat to death. Then she suggested that I get a carpenter to build a pen in the yard for him. But I was strong on the economy lay and resolved to build the pen myself. The first thing I did was to order 12 feet of wire netting. It was the kind with holes in it about two inches in diameter. This cost me $3. When I got home, I found I had to have four posts, each five feet long, and these cost me $2. After I got the posts planted I had no hammer and nails. These cost me $2.20.

"I worked hard at the job for several evenings and finally completed it. Then I called my wife to bring out the pup, and I also expected to receive her congratulations. Triumphantly I placed the dog inside the inclosure and then waited to have my wife bestow her praise. The pup walked around the inclosure and then deliberately climbed up the coarse netting as easily as if it had been a stepladder and fell on the outside, and he's been at large ever since."—Philadelphia Record.

Where the Bee Works.

Properly considered, a beehive is a wonderful shop, and each individual insect is a curiosity. The inhabitants of a hive are classed as drones, workers and queens. The queen is the mother of every insect in the hive unless she has been installed instead of a queen who had died and left the hive without a mistress. The queen bee is the wonder of the whole insect tribe as far as egg laying is concerned, often depositing 4,000 eggs a day for days in succession during the most productive season. The chief wonder connected with the worker bee is the admirable manner in which his body is shaped and fitted with instruments for honey gathering. These natural instruments consist of cups, combs, brushes, knives, funnels, scrapers, etc., each of which is worthy of a week of careful and painstaking study under a high grade microscope.—Chicago Chronicle.

Maud's Presence of Mind.

Minnie—Did you hear of Maud Edith's wonderful presence of mind?

Mamie—Dear me, no. What was the occasion?

"Why, when her wheel began to run away down hill, she pulled back on the handle bars and screamed 'Whoa!' as loud as she could."—Indianapolis Journal.

The barber's art in Europe dates from the time of Alexander the Great, B. C. 330. He ordered every soldier to shave, lest the beard should give a handle to their enemies.

The birds of the south polar regions migrate north on the approach of winter.

EXERCISES FOR THE THROAT.

A Branch of Physical Culture Not Often Touched On.

The chronic sore throat is not infrequently produced by the misuse of the vocal organs. Very often that unruly little member, the tongue, is accountable for the difficulty, as it is for a great many other troubles in this transitory life. Many people have a habit when talking of pushing the tongue so far back against the delicate membranes that line the throat that irritation more or less painful is caused, and if it continues any length of time ulcers will form, and so will a doctor's bill.

Control of the tongue is excellent in all senses of the word. Physically this organ may be managed by depressing it into a hollow at a point three-quarters of an inch back of where the tip of it comes when in a natural position in the mouth and at the same time singing very light head tones. This exercise requires some patience at first, but the habit of keeping the tongue down is soon acquired. In speaking or singing it should not be allowed to hoop up and fill the mouth, thus interfering with the free passage of the tones of the voice from the throat to the front of the mouth, where they should strike and then escape clear as a bell. This hooping up of the tongue in the mouth is the cause of much of the indistinct and slovenly utterances to which we are too often obliged to listen.

In many people we notice the line from the point of the chin to the neck is in the form of a right angle. In a shapely throat this line forms a curve just as a canary's does when the small yellow artist is warbling his carols.

To develop the throat and make this angle a curve, stand before a mirror so that you may watch the throat swell out. Now thrust your tongue out as far as it will go, then draw it back quickly and forcibly, at the same time bringing it downward in the mouth as far as you can. Place your thumb and forefinger against the larynx (commonly called the Adam's apple), and if you are making the right movement you will feel the larynx pass downward. For a week or two make the movements lightly. After that time put as much force into it as you can. The exercise should be practiced for a few minutes several times a day to insure rapid and good results.

To fill up the hollows of the neck, stand correctly, and then slowly fill the lungs with air without elevating your shoulders. As the air is forced upward into the throat hold it there a few seconds and then expel slowly. This exercise is best performed soon after rising in the morning and before retiring at night.—New York Post.

SCIENCE TOO SLOW.

Discovery of Cat Language Not Likely to Be of Much Use.

"We live and learn," said the ordinary man. "I always thought that a cat could either mew or purr or spit or leave it alone. It now seems that I've done an injustice to the beast's vocabulary. Professor Marvin Clark, I'm told, has been studying the language of cats, and has discovered 600 'primitive words.'"

"Of which," the mere boy said, "599 are either blasphemous or improper."

"The professor doesn't say so, and I don't see how you found it out."

"I see this professor says that cat language bears a resemblance to Chinese. It's rather rough to insult a fallen and vanquished nation that way."

"Well, if there's anything in it," the ordinary man remarked, "it would account for the Chino-Japanese war in a novel and perfectly satisfactory way. But really, when one comes to think of it, it is much easier to believe that cats talk than that monkeys talk. Cats and owls both make sounds exactly like the sound of a human voice. Given a churchyard, a dark night and a white cat, and you have all the materials of a ghost story."

"It's a pity," the journalist said, "that discoveries of this kind cannot be turned to some practical use. Why don't they discover the language of the horse? It would make driving much easier if you could tell the gee exactly what you wanted and explain to it verbally the perfectly innocuous character of any object at which it might be likely to shy."

"Ah!" said the eminent person. "Before that discovery arrives we shall have the autocars and no horses at all."—Black and White.

Call Them Wheelways.

There is need of a good word for designating a road from place to place exclusively for bicycles. Bicycle path is the term commonly used. There are several reasons why this is not a suitable term.

In the first place, the word path probably is derived from the Greek verb patein (to walk), and means a footway. Secondly, the expression is too long; it has four syllables. Thirdly, it is clumsy; it has two accents. Fourthly, it is not euphonic.

Instead of bicycle path The Companion respectfully suggests wheelway. This word is analogous in its formation to driveway. The word has not been used in any other sense except by one or two writers incorrectly to designate those parts of a wagon road in which the wheels run. Way means the entire road, and not some part of it. Wheelway is better than wheel road for the same reason that driveway is better than drive road. It suggests recreation before utility.—Youth's Companion.

A Sordid View of It.

"There's a great difference between Pfisher's two boys. He gave each of them $10,000. Silas has invested his money in real estate. Julius is spending his in fine cloathes."

"Don't you worry about Julius. He's spending his money in buying cut flowers for the rich Miss Boodelle. It'll pay him a bigger interest some day than ever Silas will get."

P. S.—It did.—Chicago Tribune.

A LESSON IN GERMAN.

The Teuton's Civilizing Influence as Seen Through English Spectacles.

At the very moment that the press of the fatherland was hurling imprecations against Great Britain in the name of humanity and civilization and holding us up to universal infamy as a nation of "brutal shopkeepers, devoid of culture and noble ideals," at that very moment one of the Kulturtrager sent out to civilize Africa was being tried in Potsdam for bringing the German name into disrepute there. Wehlan—this is the administrator's name—who is only one of many, had been sent out as vice chancellor of Cameron, had occasionally represented the governor, and during the Bakoko rising had acted as chief of the police force. His administration was systematized cruelty of a kind which a few instances will illustrate. Augustus Bell, "a nigger," was accused of having stolen a watch. He denied the charge, and Vice Chancellor Wehlan condemned him to receive 60 strokes of a hippopotamus hide whip to compel him to confess. When this sentence was executed, the man's body was a jelly. Dr. Valentin said that "a raw hacked beefsteak was nothing in comparison." A cook who humanely gave a few cigars to a man charged with larceny received 20 lashes of the same instrument of torture.

The government interpreter, Eteeki, stole some money and spirits, and to punish him the German vice chancellor and assessor, Wehlan, kicked him so long and so cruelly that the engineer of the German steamer Nachtigall had to turn away unable any longer to look upon the sight. Then Wehlan ordered 15 lashes to be administered to the wounded man, and finally gave instructions to have a rope tied round his waist so that he could be plunged into the water. One of three prisoners whom he had in custody was helped by a cook to escape. Wehlan ordered the cook to be seized and killed with the two prisoners—beaten to death, "no weapons to be used." They were kicked and thumped until half dead, when their necks were struck and their heads battered in. The corpses were horribly disfigured. During the Bakoko insurrection villages were burned to the ground and the throats of helpless old women cut. Prisoners, when taken, which was not always, were delivered up to the soldiers to be scalped alive. "A cut was made in the lower jaw with a knife, the fellow seized by the teeth, and the whole scalp drawn over the face and head." Two German gospel missionaries testified that these were the most efficacious means of improving the niggers!—Fortnightly Review.

SAFETY OF RAILROAD TRAVEL.

Statistics Show That a Man May Travel 181 Years Before Being Killed.

In The Ladies' Home Journal John Gilmer Speed writes entertainingly and instructively on the construction and operation of railroads under the caption "Running a Train at Night." He preemptorily asserts that the most remarkable achievements of modern civilization probably are those which affect traveling, making it at once quick, comfortable and secure. We cross states and continents at the rate of 30 miles an hour with greater security against accident than our grandfathers enjoyed in their stagecoaches, and we have, even when on the cars, comforts unknown in the palaces of kings when our grandfathers' grandfathers were young.

During the year (from interstate commerce commission's report for year ending July 1, 1894) one passenger was killed for every 1,985,153 passengers carried, and one was injured for every 183,822 carried. This surely is as safe as living ordinary humdrum lives in large cities. The report further shows that a man's chances against injury were such that he would have to travel 4,406,659 miles before getting hurt and go 47,588,986 miles before being killed. At the rate of 30 miles an hour a man could travel, if nature permitted, on American railways for 181 years, without leaving the cars, before being killed, or with the same amount of security against accident he could go round the earth 1,903 times before meeting his death by accident and 176 times before getting hurt.

Du Maurier and Clara Moscheles.

In 1858 my father came on a visit to Antwerp with my mother and my youngest sister, Clara. Wherever my father took up his abode, even temporarily, a grand piano in the natural course of events would gravitate toward him and a select circle of art lovers would soon be grouped around it. Among the friends in the Antwerp circle were Van Lerius, Tadema, Baron Leys, Huysmans and Bource. My sister at that time was a bright and happy creature, not long out of her teens, full of hopes, alas! never to be realized, and of talents never to be matured. The large dark eyes—they seemed the gift of her godmother, the famous Malibran—reflected the artist's soul, and a grand soprano voice spoke its powerful language. Du Maurier and she were soon on a brother and sisterly footing, and they ever remained so.—Felix Moscheles in Century.

Cheap Reputation Easily Gained.

"My son," said the aged man, "as you are now about to enter the great world this little bit of advice may be of great use to you: Whenever you make a 10 cent purchase, slam a dollar down carelessly on the counter in payment. In this way you may acquire a reputation for being a whole souled fellow to whom money is as naught at a mighty small expense."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

So many great illustrious spirits have conversed with woe, have in her school been taught, as are enough to consecrate distress and make ambition even wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune. —Thomson.

A farm laborer in India is fortunate if he receives 10 cents a day for laboring from dawn until dark.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, L. Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.

County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st.
Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.
Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 3045 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Tin[illegible] st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in Mathei's hall, Canalport and Union-ave.

DIVISION 5.

President, James J. Brennan, 939 S. Ashland-av.
Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 63 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton-av.
Vice President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.
Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washburn-av.
Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 117 E. Erie-st.
Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.
Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.
Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, Hugh J. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave. and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

President, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
Vice President, J. F. Lyons.
Recording Secretary, Mat Corcoran, 3827 Wentworth av.
Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays of each month at S. W. corner of Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

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Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 15.

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Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, Thomas McMahon, 5818 Justine st.
Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flannigan, 811 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Mooney.
Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Sunday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2835 Fifth avenue.
Vice President, Lawrence Henely.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 West Kinzie street.
Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhoffen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President, James Thomas, 4527 Dryes street.
Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted street.

DIVISION 20.

President, Joseph J Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice President, Michael Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, John J. Quinlan, 502 Twenty-fifth st.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 2901 Union av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Patrick Stenson, 1104 Clybourn av.
Vice President, Ed O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, David Madden, 83 Tyson av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month in Kuehl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs.

DIVISION 22.

President, James Noonan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice President, J. S. Carrier.
Recording Secretary, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyen.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.
Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

DIVISION 23.

President, William J. Doherty, 1259 W. Forty-seventh st.
Vice President, John McGaughan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James McCann.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Schumacher's hall, 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, John W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice President, Michael Galvin.
Recording Secretary, P. W. Rowe, Box 312, LaGrange, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Edward Dooley.
Treasury, Patrick Cleee.
Meets the Second and Fourth Monday of each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice President, John D. Maloney.
Recording Secretary, Thos. D. Fitzgerald, 1088 S. Robey st.
Financial Secretary, Terence Collins.
Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State street.
Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, W. F. Garritty.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice President, Patrick J. Moran.
Recording Secretary, Frank J. Mooney, 3678 Western av.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney.
Treasurer, John Larney.

DIVISION 28.

President, John Flanagan, 110 West Polk st.
Vice President, James Tracy.
Recording Secretary, W. F. Moran, 1505 West Polk st.
Financial Secretary, E. A. Craighton.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays in DeSoto hall, VanBuren and Francisco st.

DIVISION 29.

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Vice President, John Maguire.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully.
Treasurer, Charles Corkey.
Meets First and Third Thursdays of each month in Holy Rosary church basement, 113th st. and South Park av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thomas Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice President, P. J. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av, 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 35.

President, Patrick F. Holden.
Vice President, Michael J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahon, 5483 Lake av.
Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month, in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6128 Morgan st.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.
Meet Second Thursday of each month in Broomstead's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

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Vice-President, Miss Mary Kelly.
Recording Sec'y, Miss Anna O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Sec'y, Mrs. M. Beckman.
Treasurer, Mrs. M. Denne.

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COMPANY A.

Captain, A. J. Connolly, 4714 Loomis street.
First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, ames Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH No. 35.

President, L. Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Vice President, Emma Lonergan.
Recording Secretary, Helen Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Financial Secretary, Margaret Roche.
Treasurer, Jane Cummings.
Meets First and Third Sunday in Hall B, 206 LaSalle st.

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81 South Clark Street, Rooms 10, 12, 14

President, J. J. Mahony.
Vice President, J. A. Long.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy.
Corresponding Secretary, A. Donoghue.
Treasurer, Laurence Henely.
Trustees, D. O'Connor, J. J. Gibbons, James C. Strain.

A Careless Poet.

Dr. Johnson, a kindly critic, and Richard Savage's companion in many an all night wandering, allows him to have been acquainted with every form of debauchery. Certainly his knowledge of last century London must have been as extensive and peculiar as that of a popular character in later fiction. Walking the streets homeless, sleeping among the ashes of glass houses, or in the straw of ginshop cellars picking up his daily bread, not forgetting the sack, as precariously as did a blind beggar. Oscillating between plenty and penury, from Tyrconnel's mansion to a thieves' den, and, according to report, equally at home in either, dining one day with his patron, the earl, the next with a duke—Duke Humphrey—his clothes rotting on his shoulders, and without premonition of from where the next supply would come, yet with it all, Dr. Johnson puts on record, he presented a marvelous serenity. "His distresses, however afflictive, never dejected him. In his lowest state he wanted not spirit to assert the natural dignity of wit." His Macawberlike spirit probably saved him from suicide. He was always determining to "commence a rigid economy and to live according to the exact rules of frugality, for nothing was more contemptible than a man who, when he knew his income, exceeded it."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Its Use.

In a primary school the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "bird's-nest," and, pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?"

After a short pause a young son of the Emerald isle piped out, "Please, ma'am, for the bird to roost on."—London Tit-Bits.

In Palestine and Persia the "sorrowful mycanthus" droops in the day, being apparently about to die, but revives as evening comes on.

The average whale is from 70 to 85 feet in length and from 33 to 38 feet in diameter.

1875. CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS. 1896.

21st Annual Military Picnic

AND MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S FESTIVAL,

Given by the

First and Second Battalion

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS,

AT

OSWALD'S GROVE

Fifty-Second and Halsted Streets,

Saturday, July 4, 1896.

The following programme has been prepared by the committee in charge. Speaking at 8 p. m. Speakers, HON. M. V. GANNON, HON. M. J. KEANE. Senator JOSEPH P. MAHONEY will preside. Military exhibition drill at 3 p. m. Games and Athletic Sports of all kinds.

PROGRAMME:

1. 100 yard race for Men, open, prize, $5 hat, donated by Ald. Gallagher. 2. 100 yard race, open for Young Ladies, prize Silk Parasol, donated by John Beegan. 3. Running Hop, Step and Jump, open, prize Silver-Mounted Blackthorn Cane, donated by a friend. 4. Throwing 56-lb weight without follow, prize one pair of Pants, donated by Work Bros. 5. 100 yark race, open to members of the Guards only, prize one box of Pefecto Cigars, donated by Hibernian Cigar Co., J. J. Purcell, agent. 6. Tug-of-War, between the Innisfail and Sarsfield Clubs of the G. A. A., prize one case of Cream Pure Rye, donated by Dallemand & Co. Irish Reels and Jigs on separate platform. Music by Prof. Barney Delaney on the Irish Bagpipes. Gates open at 12 o'clock noon and close at midnight.

TICKETS - - - 50 CENTS

Sold only at the Gate. Music by PROF. T. F. KENNEDY.

JOHN P. McGOORTY
Counselor-at-Law,
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